MYTHS

OLD GREECE

VOLUME II.

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MYTHS OF OLD GREECE. II.

THE CREATION.

There was a time, so the Greek people in their beautiful legendary lore tell us, when the earth, and the sea, and the sky, all one chaotic mass, struggled together, and clashed the one against the other; so that there was neither solid earth, nor clear water, nor was the air transparent.

But the air, in time, rose lightly above the chaotic mass; the earth sank heavily

below, and the seething waters, now quiet and firm and still, buoyed up the earth.

Then arose the hills and mountains, by which the valleys were made in which the lakes lay and the rivers flowed. The trees and ferns grew by the still water's edge, and the stars shone through the clear cold air.

To the gods Prometheus and Epimetheus was given the task of filling the waters with fish, the forests with animals, and the plains with a creature who should be above all these, and which should be called man.

To all of these, the brothers gave some gift; to one strength, to another speed, to another sagacity; to one fins, to another claws; to another wings, and to another shelly covering, all of which gifts were to help these birds and fish and animals to provide for their own wants, and to protect themselves from their foes.

But, alas, when man came there was no gift for him; all had been given to the birds and fishes and animals. There he stood, with neither wings or fins; and with neither speed nor sagacity above many an animal of the forest.

"What shall be done for him?" asked Prometheus. "He is less provided for and less protected than any bird or fish or animal; he has neither fins nor wings, fur nor feathers; neither great strength nor speed. Greatly do I fear he will be a prey to the larger animals that now are browsing on the plains."

For a long time Prometheus and Epimetheus pondered and were sad at heart; for they loved the earth and its creations, and had sought to give each his share of gifts.

At last, Minerva, the goddess of wisdom, spoke and said; "To bring down fire from the

MINERVA.

heavens, and to teach man its use and power, would be to endow him with that which may overcome even the elements themselves."

"Though it destroy me, I will bring it to these helpless people," Prometheus said; and away he sped upon his errand.

From the chariot of the sun he lighted his torch, and slowly and carefully descended with it to the earth; and together the brothers taught the people its uses and its power.

With it, the wild beasts were kept at bay; with it irons for weapons were made; food was cooked; and their rude huts were made warm and comfortable when the biting cold descended upon the plains.

ATHENE.

PANDORA.

But man was a desolate creature living on the earth alone, and with no other occupation than fighting each other and subduing the wild beasts that roamed up and down the earth.

And the gods looked down from Mt. Olympus upon him and pitied him that he had, after all, so little to make him really happy and to lift his thoughts heavenward.

"He has no love in his heart," said one god, sadly.

"He does not know the meaning of gentleness," said another.

"He knows no heroism except that of brute strength against a foe," said another.

"He thinks only of self," said another.

"There is," said Zeus, "but one way to lift his thoughts towards Olympus; but one way to arouse in his heart love and tenderness and true heroism; and that is to give him something to love, something to protect. Even the brutes of the forest have their young, and so are happier than man."

Then spoke the wise and loving Athene, "Let us send down to earth a woman who shall be to man a goddess, and who shall refine his nature and make to grow in his sleeping heart those qualities that shall make him god-like and brave and true."

To this great Zeus bowed assent; and happy in the task before them, the gods set themselves to work, and every god and goddess vied each with the other to make some glorious gift to her.

One gave her a tender loving heart that could do no cruelty even to a worm of the earth; another gave her a beautiful form and a face from which the light of Apollo always shone; one gave her a love of music and beauty; another a love of home and of little children; and when, at last, the beautiful Pandora was brought before Zeus, his stern face grew tender; and, rising from his golden throne, he placed his hand upon her shining head, and there was added unto her beauty and gentleness a reverence henceforth for all that was pure and high and god-like in the earth or in Olympus.

Then Iris spread her beautiful arch across the sky; and hand in hand the messenger of Hera and the loving-hearted Pandora passed out from Olympus, down the shining bridge of color, to the abode of man.

And when Pandora stood before Prometheus and the people he had made, there fell

PANDORA.

a hush upon man's war-like spirit; and there sprang up in his heart the tenderness and love and protection of the weak that made man

forever more a being above the brute, and tending always towards the god-like.

But it was the will of Zeus that sorrow should come into man's world; and so it was Pandora who, as time went on, lifted the lid from the chest in which lay her parting gifts of the gods — joy, happiness, health, success, comfort, prosperity — and alas, they all escaped — all except hope. That, Pandora saved; and so it is that while all other blessings come and go, leaving the heart of man sometimes sad and heavy, hope never fails, but abides eternal, upholding, and encouraging to new endeavor, even the most heavily laden life.

NETPUNE.

THE GREAT FLOOD.

But there came a time, as the years rolled on and the centuries stretched themselves in the past, when the people grew so selfish and cruel, and avaricious towards each other, and so unmindful of the gods who worked with them and watched over them from Mt. Olympus, that Zeus, grieved that they should forget the innocent and happy Age that had once made earth so beautiful and their own lives so joyous, called the gods together in his great cloud palace.

"O gods and goddesses," said Zeus, when at his command all had hastened up the nebulous shining path of heaven which the earth people called the Milky Way; "O gods and

HEPHÆSTUS.

goddesses, who so long have loved these people, have dwelt among them and have labored with them in all the time since first the earth was made, behold now the grievous state into which they have fallen. There is no love among them; they seek only to slay one another; greed and selfishness have destroyed their happiness and have shut them out from great Olympus."

"Let them be destroyed by fire," said Hephaestus, whose great forges groaned and bellowed in the mountains, and sent their lurid flames high up in the heavens.

"Let them be destroyed by water," said Neptune who dwelt in the depths of the dark green ocean.

And while they counselled thus together, Astræa, the goddess of justice, who even when Zeus called, had lingered among the earth

people, still hoping they might turn to her and hear her plea, came slowly up the arch of heaven and laid her scales, with which so long

ASTRÆA.

she had weighed the claims of right and wrong, down at the feet of Zeus.

"Let the waters," said she, "rather than

fire, destroy the wrong that has turned the peaceful earth to one of war and sorrow; for then shall the earth itself be unharmed; the grass shall spring forth again; the trees shall

NORTH WIND.

send forth their leaves, and the flowers, nourished by the floods, shall brighten the hills and plains again."

So Zeus called to the South Wind to

bring its rains, and the sweet West Wind, and the fierce North Wind he chained into dungeons deep, that they might scatter not the heavy-laden clouds South Wind should bring.

Then Neptune lashed the seas in fury, and the waves rose mountains high; the rivers loosed their floods; the snows in the mountains melted, and the whole earth was covered with water.

Among the tree-tops the fishes swam; and there was no living thing upon the face of the earth — so the South Wind and Neptune believed.

But it was not the will of Zeus that there should be complete destruction of life upon the earth; and he sent Hermes to find the bravest, truest man and the bravest, truest woman, into whose ears he should whisper

words of warning, and should lead them in safety to the top of Mt. Parnassus, far beyond the reach of wind and wave.

And there, safe in the shelter of a mighty cave, the Sun-god found them, when, after many days the water had subsided and the clouds had rolled away.

Joyously Deucalion and Pyrra greeted the coming of the Sun's rays; and with hearts filled with hope, they raised their hands towards the rainbow arch, when it shone out in the eastern sky, a token to them that the wrath of Zeus had passed away, and that Hera had sent to them her own loving Iris with messages of hope and courage.

THE FLOWER-IRIS.

IRIS.

THE STORY OF IRIS.

Never before had Deucalion and Pyrra seen this wonderful arch in the eastern sky, with its rich colors of red and purple and orange; but they knew it must bring a messenger of good to them, so beautiful was it, and so softly did it reflect its beauty in the waters below.

Then again Hermes came to them and whispered the story of Iris into their willing

ears and into their ready hearts; for it is only into such hearts that the gods can speak; and it is only such ears that can hear the music and the messages the gods bear always to the earth-people.

APOLLO.

Of all the gods and goddesses, not even excepting Apollo, the glorious Sun-god, none were as beautiful as Iris whose delicate rainbow colors Deucalion and Pyrra saw now in the radiant sky, and reflected in the sparkling raindrops that glittered upon every leaf and upon every blade of grass.

And so loved by all was this beautiful Iris, that Hera had chosen her for her own loving companion, who should bear from her

to the suffering earth-children messages of helpfulness and gentle words of cheer.

And Iris, in whose heart was never a thought unloving towards either gods or the earth-people who needed her warnings in times of danger, and her loving messages in times of trouble, sped always upon her errands with fleet and willing feet; and the people, when they came to know her, and saw her wonderful colors in the sparkling waters, and sometimes dancing upon the walls of their simple homes, would smile and say, "Iris is near! Iris is near!"

And this evening when the fierce floods had disappeared, and only the soft rains had been falling through the day, and Demeter and Persephone were happy in the strength and fresh courage the floods should bring to the fruits and flowers, behold, there appeared

in the east, this arch of red and green and purple, with rare tints of yellow and pink and blue. Never in all the earth, even at sunset time, had such beauty of color been seen in the eastern sky.

HERA (JUNO) AND IRIS

And in the lakes and rivers, even in each tiny raindrop was the beauty reflected, till all the earth seemed filled with the rich glow of the beautiful arch.

Then Hermes came and whispered to Pyrra and Deucalion, "This is a rainbow

bridge from Olympus to the sea. Most gracious Hera makes this gift to Iris, and down its beautiful arch none but Iris shall be allowed to pass; for it is Hera's own gift, her token to all earth-people of her love for the beautiful messenger queen, the gentle, loving Iris."

And from that time when the rainbow appeared in the sky, the people would look up in wonder at its wondrous beauty and would say, "See, Iris approacheth. She hath wrapped herself in a cloud of purple and red; she hath stepped into her chariot and she guideth it down her rainbow bridge."

The beautiful Iris came to love to wander up and down the valleys of earth, and to look into the clear waters of the rivers and the lakes; for in them she could see often the colors of her own beautiful bridge.

She would sprinkle the waterdrops in her

hair; she would string them like pearls, and wear them around her neck and around her shining white arms.

It was joy to her to shake them out from the clouds, and see them chasing each other down through the air, every one of them reflecting the same rich colors of red and orange and purple.

And it is said that one day she found by the water's edge a beautiful flower, as blue as the heavens above; and that she kissed the flower, saying, "O flower, thy blue is like the blue of the sky and of my own rainbow bridge of mist!"

And as she stooped to kiss the flower, some of the raindrops in her hair fell upon it; and there they remain, even to this day, reflecting the same beauty and glory that is seen in the wonderful rainbow bridge.

HERA (JUNO.)

THE NEW CREATION.

When at last the waters of the sea were quiet, the rivers were flowing peacefully along between their sunny banks, and the soft clouds were smiling down at their own reflections in the blue lakes, Deucalion and Pyrra

came down from Mt. Parnassus and walked along the fresh green valleys.

The brooks laughed in glee, and ran and bubbled to see them once again; the flowers looked up and laughed and nodded at them; and the great trees spread out their branches to protect them from the too fierce heat of the sun.

"The earth is beautiful," said Pyrra.

"Very beautiful," answered Deucalion; "but I am wondering why we two were spared to dwell here in all this beauty."

"Let us go to a temple of Zeus, and ask the gods to tell us what we ought to do," said Pyrra.

For two whole days and two whole nights they wandered on, seeking a temple of Zeus. Many ruins they passed; but at the end of the second day they came to a great

white marble temple whose altar and whose shrine had not been washed away even by the great flood of waters.

Here they knelt and prayed to the gods; and at night, when they had fallen asleep, an answer came to them. Perhaps it was Iris that brought it; perhaps it was Hermes; but the words they heard were, "Go up the mountain-side; and as you go, roll back, down into the valley, every rock and stone that lies in your pathway. Rest in the mountain a night; then, when the early Dawn begins to paint the eastern sky with rosy tints, go down again into the valley, and there will you find your work awaiting you."

This seemed a very strange message; but the good Deucalion and Pyrra hesitated not to obey the commands of the gods.

All day long they toiled up the mountain

side, rolling down the stones even as they had been bid.

At night they rested; and in the morning, eager, they hastened to the valley below.

What a wonder met their gaze! for there in the valley, at the foot of the mountain, stood men and women and little children — hundreds of them; for behold, the rocks and stones Deucalion and Pyrra had rolled down the mountain side had changed to people; and there they stood, awaiting the coming of Deucalion and Pyrra who were to teach them and guide them until they should themselves become wise.

"These people," said Pyrra, the mother heart within her speaking, "shall be our care."

"Yes," answered the true-hearted Deucalion; and we will teach them to be noble men and women. They shall be kind, one to

the other, and the strong shall learn that it is heroic to protect the weak."

Then Deucalion taught the men to plant and gather the harvests; he taught them to fell the trees, and to make houses for their shelter; he taught them to hunt and fish, and then to cook their game. And Pyrra taught the women to care for their homes, to spin and weave; and to teach the children to grow up noble men and women.

Very happy were these people; for they strove in everything to be like Deucalion and Pyrra, good and kind and helpful, each to every other; and there was joy in Olympus; for the gods looked down and smiled upon the valley, and each vied with the other to protect these innocent people and keep their hearts from evil.

DAPHNE.

APOLLO.

DAPHNE.

APOLLO AND DAPHNE.

One morning, as the Sun-god wandered in the valleys of Parnassus, he saw at play upon the hillside a beautiful maiden, with sunny blue eyes, and the most beautiful golden hair Apollo had ever seen.

"O, beautiful Daphne!" Apollo cried; "come wander in the sunny valley. All day long will we hunt the deer, and you, too, shall learn to loose my golden bow."

But Daphne feared the arrows from that

golden bow; and the radiant face of Apollo, too, she feared.

She sprang from the sunny rock upon which she sat at play; and with a speed that only the deer might claim, she disappeared above the mountain ridge.

In quick haste Apollo pursued the flying maiden. "Daphne, Daphne," cried Apollo, "do not run away from me. I am Apollo, and I seek not to do thee harm."

On, on Daphne fled across the wide valley that stretches at the foot of Mt. Parnassus; on, on Apollo followed till the morning was well nigh spent. And now, close upon the banks of a mighty forest, Daphne sank exhausted. "Daphne, Daphne," cried Apollo; for his noble heart was grieved; "faint not, for Apollo will bring thee fresh water from the mountain stream." And with greater

speed he flew to the poor maiden's protection.

"Save me, save me!" cried Daphne, springing again to her feet. And Zeus heard her prayer; for hardly had she raised her arms toward heaven, when there came a swift change upon her. Her trailing robe grew firm, even like the trunk and roots of a tree. Her white arms changed to branches, and over her was thrown a protecting bark, even like that of a laurel tree.

"O Daphne, Daphne!" sobbed Apollo. "Foolish youth that I am to have pursued thee thus. And thou wert so beautiful! Now have I lost thee forever; nor wilt thy beauty grace the hillsides ever again in the rosy morning of the day."

"But thou shalt be honored, O Daphne, even by the bravest in the land; for from thy branches will I gather a laurel wreath; and in

all the ages to come shall the wreath of laurel be placed upon the victor's brow, in honor not only of his brave deed, but of thy lost beauty, O Daphne."

HERA (JUNO) WITH HER PET BIRD.

IO.

In the sunny valley dwelt Io, the sweet daughter of the river-god; and very happy and free was the fair maiden's life, till one day there fell upon her the jealous wrath of one who changed her into the form of a cow, and left her to wander up and down the pasture

lands, with no friend to help, and with no way to tell her sad and curious story.

Moreover, there was set to watch her the giant Argus, whose hundred eyes were never closed, and who could see in all directions and at untold distances.

Never for one second did his eyes wander away from the enchanted maiden, whom it was his charge to watch. For though he slept often, never were all the hundred eyes closed at once; and whenever the sad maiden, turned towards him she saw those cruel eyes glaring at her. They winked and blinked, but never closed; and the poor child wandered hopelessly up and down the fields and hillsides, wishing she could join the herds that she was like, and that she could forget she had ever been a happy maiden, the pride and joy of the river-god, her father.

And all this time the river-god, angry that his child had been stolen from him, was storming up and down the country. The waters of the rivers hissed, and foamed, and roared, and like an angry sea threw their spray upon its banks, and over into the fields on either side.

"It is strange," the earth-people would say, "that there should be freshets at this season of the year."

And the sisters of Io searched up and down the country for the lost child, stopping at every hut to ask if its people had seen a maiden as beautiful as a flower and as radiant as a water drop, with long hair in which the sunlight dwelt, and with a laugh that was like the bubbling of a happy rivulet.

But no one had seen a maiden half so fair; and the sisters would lie down on the

hillside and sob themselves to sleep at night.

Sometimes Io would come and stand beside them and look down at them with her great, brown, sorrowful eyes.

But the sisters never knew; and when, because her heart was full to breaking, she would try to cry out to them, it was only the deep sound that the cows make that they heard. "What soft brown eyes the cow has," the sisters said one day; "and how she cries. There is something she wants."

"Poor cow," said the oldest sister, placing her soft hand on Io's neck, "tell us what it is you want."

But Io could only look at them with her great, brown, pleading eyes; and by and by the sisters went back to the river-god to tell him they could find no trace of Io in all the land.

All day long Io browsed in the green fields beside the river bank; and one evening, as the river-god sat grieving still for his daughter, it came into Io's heart to try to give some sign to him. So she came and rested her head upon his shoulder; and then when he had spoken kindly to her, she raised one forefoot and slowly traced in the white sand her own name — IO.

"O my child, my child!" cried the river-god. "My Io, my Io! Who hath done this cruel thing? Who hath changed my beautiful daughter to a beast like this?" And he threw his arms about the soft white neck of the cow and prayed to Zeus to break the spell that had fallen upon his daughter.

"Hermes," said Zeus, "go thou down into the earth, and close with thy wonderful music the hundred eyes of the ever watchful giant

Argus, who watcheth over the white cow that feedeth in the river pastures."

HERMES.

And Hermes, glad of such sport as this would be, sped downward just at eventide, when Argus, wearied, had already stretched

himself upon the hillside, and had closed fifty of his eyes for sleep.

And Hermes took his place close beside the giant and played to him the softest strains that ever came from harp or lyre.

For a whole hour Hermes played, and already the sun had sunk behind the hills.

"It is most beautiful music," said the giant; but only sixty of the eyes were closed.

Another hour passed. Hermes played and sang soft and low; but only seventy of the eyes were closed.

Another hour passed. The darkness had fallen. All was still. Hermes crooned soft strains that were like the murmur in the pines; but only eighty of the eyes were closed.

Another hour passed. The cool breezes swept softly across the face of Argus; the music of Hermes rose and fell in slow, sweet

rhythm; but only ninety of the eyes were closed.

Then Hermes loosened the strings of his lyre, and the music grew deeper and deeper. The sweet voice of Hermes fell lower and lower; the breezes felt the hush; midnight settled its dark wings on all the land — and one hundred of the eyes were closed.

Then Hermes smote the giant lying there upon the hills, and fled with his hundred eyes to Mt. Olympus.

Zeus now had power to set poor Io free; and the hundred eyes were placed in the feathers of Hera's pet bird, the peacock; and there they are to be seen, even to this day, shining in the sunlight, as the vain bird struts to and fro.

JUNO (VATICAN MUSEUM.)

CALLISTO.

You have seen the Great Bear and the Little Bear Constellations in the sky, of course.

Well, it is a sad story — that of the beautiful maiden Callisto. For it was because of the jealousy of Juno that her sad fate fell upon her.

Callisto was beautiful, as Io was beautiful. And she was a free, happy maiden, content to wander up and down the hill-sides and watch the flocks in the valleys. Her eyes were as blue as the deep blue sky, and her laughter bubbled like the waters in the sunlit brooks.

It was sad that the wrath of Juno should descend upon so fair a maid as this; but alas, Juno was not always kind; and one evening

when Callisto lay sleeping on the hill-side, Juno, wrapping herself in a shining cloud, came and stood upon the hill-top.

"Awake!" she said, looking down upon the sleeping maiden.

With a cry of fear, Callisto sprang to her feet; for the voice had sounded hard and cruel, and she knew an enemy must be near.

"Come to the hill-top," said Juno, turning her dark face upon the maiden. Callisto trembled. There was something terrible in the dark face; and the great eyes seemed to burn into her very heart.

"Spare me! spare me!" sobbed Callisto, falling upon her knees and stretching her soft white arms towards the cruel Juno.

But Juno had no pity. "You shall be punished," she answered, "for your great beauty. See! Already those white hands

that gleam so in the moonlight are changing into claws! And your arms, the great black hairs are covering them! And your rosy lips and teeth of pearl, look at them now!"

Poor Callisto! One glance at her own arms and hands, and with a shriek — no, not a shriek, but a horrible growl that frightened even herself! — she fell to the ground.

For a long time she lay there; for Juno had thrown a deep sleep upon the maiden; and, wrapping the cloud again around herself, had floated back to her golden palace on Mt. Olympus.

It was black night when Callisto awoke. The stars were shining overhead, and in the distance she could hear the growling of the bears and the howling of the wolves.

She tried to cry out, but again from her own throat came the horrible growl.

A little bird in the branches overhead

gave a frightened little twitter and flew to another tree. Callisto arose — on her four feet — and made her way down into the valley towards her own home.

Morning came and the people in the little huts were awake. "A bear! a bear!" cried her own father as she approached, "Get me my arrows! quick, quick!" and away ran her own little brother to bring the old hunter's bow and arrows.

But Callisto had not the bear mind though she had the bear body. She knew her father's voice, and understood his words; and before the arrows were brought she was safe within the forest.

For long, long months poor Callisto wandered up and down the land. She could not approach her old home again, for the children were terrified at sight of her, and she

knew full well the skill of her hunter father.

In the forests she herself lived in terror. The howls of the wolves made her heart leap; and at sight of a bear she trembled from head to foot.

When the bears, in their own bear language, spoke to her, she would turn and flee; and no cave was there so dark that its darkness and dampness was not to her a shelter, and more grateful than the sunlight on the hill-side.

But one morning, when the air was cool and clear, and the soft breezes were laden with the sweet odors of fern and pine, poor Callisto crept out to the edge of the forest. There, just across the rippling brooklet, stood a beautiful, fair-haired youth. He was playing in the water, and amusing himself, throwing the water drops high in the air.

"O my brother, my brother!" cried poor Callisto, forgetting everything in the joy of seeing the beautiful child again. And with a bound, her jaws stretched, and her eyes shining, she sprang towards him.

But the child had heard the growl — there were no words in it to his ear — and saw the hungry-jawed creature burst out from the thicket. Like lightning he turned upon the bear, and raised his spear. "Straight at her breast he aimed." The spear flashed in the sunlight — there was a roll of thunder in the sky — it turned its course, and buried itself in the soft earth; for Jupiter had seen the danger to the beautiful Callisto, and so smote the spear to the ground.

In a second, both Callisto and the little hunter were lifted high in the air. On, on they sped, up, up, above the earth, above the

clouds, even into the realm where the stars shine the whole night long.

And there, close by the great Pole Star, Jupiter placed them both, among the brightest lights of the heavens, safe from all danger, and forever beyond the reach of Juno's wrath and jealously.

DIANA OF VERSAILLES.

ACTÆON.

"Come, good youths," called Actæon the swift hunter; "the morning is fresh and fair. Let us away to the hunt. Surely, on such a morning as this the deer will come forth to drink from the clear waters of the brook and river. Away, then, let us away."

Gladly the youths obeyed the call of their noble leader; and, gathering their bows and arrows, away they sped up the hillside and across the plain.

On, on through the forests Actæon led the way; for the air was clear and cool, the youths were strong, and their hearts were filled with joy.

But alas for the joyous Actæon! Bursting

through the forest, he came upon the beautiful Diana, the goddess of the chase, who, with her maidens, was bathing in the clear, sparkling waters of the fountain, that poured its silver waters forth from the great, dark rock that over-shadowed the pool.

"O beautiful Diana!" cried Actæon, coming towards the fountain; but it was not the wish of the goddess that Actæon should approach, and so learn the secret of her home, and where lay concealed her moonlight glory through the long days and nights, when she chose to hide herself from the sight of man.

Darting one flash of angry light upon him, she raised her white arm as if to smite him to the ground. "Go," she said; "Go and tell, if thou canst, that thou hast found the cave wherein Diana dwells, and the fountain whereat she bathes."

Actæon bowed his head, grieved that he should have aroused the anger of the goddess, for whom he had great love and admiration; but as he bowed, he beheld the reflection of himself in the waters at his feet. A terrible reflection! Already great horns, like those of a stag, branched far above his head. And as he gazed, his ears grew large and long; his face changed, and course brown hairs covered him from head to foot.

With a groan, he turned and fled into the forest. What should he do? How should he make known to his comrades the sad fate that had befallen him?

But already the clicking of his hoofs had caught the quick ear of his hunting dogs. With a yelp, the great dog, Melampus started, raised his ears, and sniffed. Then with a howl and a bound he sprang forward—

Pamphagus, Dorceus, Lelaps, Theron, Nape and Tigris in close pursuit.

Actæon heard them coming. Would his own dogs devour him. Would they not know? How should he prove to them that he was still their master?

But nearer and nearer they came. Their eyes were shining. Already he could see their red tongues hanging from their frothing mouths.

With a spring Actæon bounded through the forest. If he could only reach his comrades! Some way, he was sure he could make them know.

But now the shout of the huntsman was added to the yelping and barking of the dogs.

"On, on Melampus!" they shouted. "On Pamphagus! On Tigris!"

And the dogs, excited by the shouts and frequent cries, sped faster and faster. Over

hills, through valleys, on — on across the fields they flew — Actæon and the dogs — and breathless, in close pursuit, his comrades followed.

And now the dogs were upon him. One seized a leg, another an ear, another sprang upon his back. Worn out with the long chase and stinging from his wounds, the unfortunate youth fell to the ground, and already the film of death had gathered over the beautiful brown eyes when his companions knelt beside him.

"Bravo, bravo, Melampus," said one.

"Pamphagus, the fleet-footed," said another.

"If only Actæon could have seen you, good Tigris," said another.

But Actæon knew now nothing of the swiftness of the dogs he had loved and had

trained so carefully; for already his heart had ceased beating, and cruel Diana's revenge was finished.

Actæon was dead; and the secret cave and sparkling fountain were never discovered to the earth-people who dwelt, and who still dwell in Diana's moonlit valleys.

BACCHUS.

KING MIDAS.

"An old man cometh begging at our gates," said the servants of great King Midas.

"Bring him into my presence," was the king's answer; "and, if I find him worthy, he shall have food and drink; if an impostor, he shall be punished."

And so Silenus, the old tutor of the jovial Bacchus, was brought into the presence of the king.

SILENUS.

Now, for days, up and down the country, messengers from Bacchus had been scurrying hither and thither in search of the old tutor

who had wandered away and perhaps had lost his path in the deep forests.

But here the old man was at last, safe and sound, and begging at the gates of King Midas.

And so, when King Midas restored the old man, as he did, to the grateful Bacchus, there was a great feast given in honor of the king; and, after days and nights of games and revellings, Bacchus, as a parting gift, promised to bestow upon Midas any gift or power that he should name.

Now Midas was not the wisest king that ever lived, nor was he far-seeing. So he answered, as foolishly as greedily, "Give me gold, O Bacchus! Let everything, even though a clod of earth, turn into gold at my touch. Gold, gold, gold! Yes, give me gold!"

"The miserly fool," thought Bacchus;

"but he shall have his wish. Indeed there could be no greater punishment for his stupid greed."

So Bacchus laid his hands upon the king's foolish head and bade him receive his gift.

King Midas could scarcely contain himself for joy. "Let me return to my palace at once," said he, "that I may test my power."

"As you please," said Bacchus, a twinkle in his merry eye. And away the king hurried through the forest, not waiting even to mount his good horse, so eager was he to be away.

On the way a snake crossed his path; and seizing a stone to throw at it, behold, the stone was changed into a shining mass of gold.

Midas shouted aloud for joy, — all by himself in the forest. He put the stone in his

pocket, forgetting the snake, and greedily began gathering branches from the trees,— simply to further prove his power. Yes, yes, it was true,— the golden touch was his; for every twig and leaf changed to a rich yellow in his hand.

Reaching his palace, he ordered that a grand feast be prepared at once, and that all the people for miles about should be bidden to attend. Such a surprise as should be theirs! How envious the guests would be! And how, henceforth, they would reverence his wonderful power! The king could scarcely contain himself until the people had gathered, so many plans had he for displaying his wonderful gift before them.

But alas for King Midas's feast! Alas for his glorification before the people! The bread that he took into his hand changed at

once into tasteless gold; his meat dropped from his lips heavy and hard and yellow. Furious, he seized a glass of wine; but the liquid poured down his throat a stream of molten gold. The poor king groaned aloud; the guests, sorrowful and amazed, withdrew from the dining hall, and Midas was left alone in his golden misery.

At daybreak he set forth with the greatest possible speed to the valley where Bacchus dwelt. He passed through the selfsame forests, and saw scattered here and there the golden leaves he had so greedily plucked from the bushes a few hours before. But they had no charm for him now; he only groaned at sight of them and hurried on.

"O Bacchus, Bacchus!" he cried, throwing himself upon the ground before the god, "take back this direful gift; give me again my poverty and my peace."

And the merry Bacchus, seeing that the king was indeed cured of his greed, took back the gift, and bade the king rise and be free again.

"Go, now," said Bacchus, "to the River Pactolus. Bathe there until not a grain of golden dust is upon you. Return then, and dwell with us in the forests and the valleys. Here we are free from strife and envy and greed; for all day we wander up and down the valleys, free and happy; even as the birds and the beasts, the trees and the flowers are free and happy."

For a long time King Midas dwelt with Bacchus, and worshipped Pan, the god of the field and forest; and until this day all might have been well with him had not a contest arisen between Pan and Apollo as to whose music was the sweetest.

"The mountain-god shall decide the matter for us," said Bacchus.

APOLLO.

Then Pan played upon his pipes music so sweet that the very birds of the forests hushed their songs to listen.

"Music most sweet," said the mountain-god.

"There can be no music sweeter," said Midas.

But when the Sun-god tuned his lyre, behold, the trees themselves turned to listen; nor was there a flutter among the leaves until the music had died away, and the red sunset was pouring its red light down upon hill and vale.

"The music of Pan is best," said Midas, obstinately, although he knew he spoke not the truth.

"Stupid creature!" flashed the Sun-god. "Such ears and such stupid obstinacy belong only to an ass. Henceforth your ears shall be like those of the beast you so resemble."

And before Midas could even cry for mercy, behold, his ears stood up even above the top of his stupid head, long and pointed, and covered with rough, bristling hairs.

Mortified indeed was King Midas that so grievous a disgrace had fallen upon him; and for whole days he hid himself in the caves of the forest. But again merry Bacchus rescued him. Upon the top of his head the merry god bound down the ears, and over them arranged a wreath of leaves and berries. Not a hair of the wretched ears was to be seen;

and again Midas joined the games, and lived the happy life of the followers and worshippers of Pan.

Every day a new wreath was made for him and arranged upon his head; and only the youth that made the wreath knew the secret.

"Tell thou the secret to any man or god," said Bacchus, "and dire punishment shall befall thee." For long months the youth kept close the knowledge that he had; but it troubled him sorely by day, and it kept him awake by night. And when at last he could bear it no longer, he went down by the river, dug a hole, whispered the secret into it, covered it over, and ran away.

But strange to say, from this very hole there sprang up a growth of reeds and bulrushes; and no sooner had they reached their heads above the grass, than they began

to whisper, whisper, whisper, whisper the story that had been whispered to them. And they have kept on whispering it in all the years that have followed; till now all the people in the world, far and wide, know the secret of King Midas's ears.

PAN.

JUPITER (ZEUS) VATICAN MUSEUM

BAUCIS AND PHILEMON.

On a beautiful hillside in Greece, and looking down upon a valley where the sunset loves to linger, and where the waters of the river wind like a band of silver among the tall grass, there stands a strong, far-spreading oak; and close by its side, even within the shadow of its great leaves and beneath the protection of its strong arms, stands a graceful linden, — both tall and beautiful, the pride of the peaceful valley and the glory of the sunny hillside.

But there was a time when these two trees were not upon the hillside, nor were the river and the lakes to be seen in the valley below. Upon the hillside was one small hut,

in which dwelt good old Baucis and Philemon; and in the valley below was a city where many people dwelt,— people of great wealth, but none of them with hearts as kind and good as those of Baucis and Philemon.

And it came about that one day Jupiter and Mercury came into the valley at nightfall, weary with their long journey, their clothes dusty, their sandals travel-worn and ragged.

In the city they halted at many a door, begging for food and shelter, but were driven away from each, often with words rude and cruel.

"Who dwells in the old hut on the hill-side?" asked Jupiter of a youth in the city gateway.

"Old Baucis and Philemon," answered the youth — "miserable beggars like yourself." And the youth laughed uproariously, thinking

he had made an answer both witty and wise.

"Let us climb the hill," said Jupiter to Mercury; and turning, the two gods left the city.

It was nearly nightfall when the two reached the little hut; but already Baucis had come out to meet them, and good Philemon stood in the doorway ready to bid the strangers welcome.

"Enter, travelers," said Baucis; "our home is simple, but we will gladly share with thee all that we have."

"And we will spread the table and pour sweet milk for thee; for surely thou must be hungry."

Gladly the travelers entered the little door and seated themselves before the fire, while Baucis and Philemon bustled about, preparing the simple supper.

"I am afraid the milk will seem to you little," said Baucis, pouring it into the great earthern bowls.

"Had we known you were coming we would gladly have saved more from our own suppers," added Philemon.

"I am sure there is enough and to spare," said Jupiter, emptying his bowl almost at one swallow; for he was very hungry and thirsty.

"It is the very best milk I ever drank," said Mercury; and he, too, emptied his bowl at a swallow.

Philemon and Baucis looked at one another. There was only a tiny cup of milk left in the pitcher, they were sure.

"Once more fill our bowls, good people," said Jupiter.

Baucis lifted the pitcher. "I am afraid" — he began; but behold, the pitcher was full

to the brim! With trembling hand he poured it into the bowls, while Philemon looked on amazed.

Again the travelers drained their cups; and again they asked for more. Trembling, Philemon this time lifted the pitcher. "If we had known"— she began; but again the pitcher was full and foaming to the brim.

Hardly could Philemon fill the bowls, so overcome was she by the miracle before her eyes.

"O travelers," the good old Baucis said, "whoever thou art, forgive us that we should have dared offer our humble hospitality to such as we now see thee to be. Surely thou shouldst have been received in the grand houses in the city below."

"Speak not to me of that inhospitable city," answered Jupiter, his brow growing

black at the thought. "But come, let us go out upon the hillside, and there look down upon the valley."

Together the little company went forth. The sun's last rays lay upon the great hills beyond; and in the valley below — what a change had taken place! — not a house was there to be seen. No cattle were grazing in the fields and meadows; no children were at play along the riverside. There was not a sign of life as far as the eye could reach; and where the village had so recently raised its marble columns, lay a broad lake, peaceful and still, and shining like polished gold in the rich sunset light.

And the little hut of Baucis and Philemon — that, too, had disappeared; and in its place stood a temple of pure white stone, whose dome rose high above the clouds.

"And now, good Baucis and Philemon," said Jupiter, "tell me what of all things in the earth you would that I should give to thee; for kindly have we been received into thy house, and whatever thou askest, that shall be given thee."

Philemon and Baucis looked at the white temple, whose dome blazed like gold in the sunset light. "Surely," said they, "thou canst be no other than Jupiter himself; let us, then, dedicate this temple to thee, and let us henceforth serve thee here as thy priests and as guardians of thy temple. And when we die, O Jupiter, let us die together. That is all we ask; for with these gifts we shall be content forever."

Jupiter, well pleased, blessed the two old people, and promised them their gifts; adding to them, however, perfect health and strength and immortal life.

For a long, long time Baucis and Philemon dwelt within the temple, and never were the sacred rites forgotten, nor were the rarest offerings spared from the altar.

And one evening, when they had grown very, very old, they stood before the great doorway of the temple, looking down upon the lake whose waters never failed.

Suddenly a change fell upon them. Above the heads of each great branches spread, and the leaves rustled against each other. In an instant strong roots struck down into the ground, and the bodies of the two good people were like the form of the trunks of trees. And to this day they stand upon the hillside, a stout oak and a tall, graceful linden; for in this beautiful way did Jupiter bestow upon the kind Baucis and Philemon the gift of immortality.

NEPTUNE.

GLAUCUS AND SCYLLA.

All his life long, Glaucus had fished in the waters of the sea, and had drawn his great nets and emptied their contents upon the banks.

But one morning he drew his boat alongside an island where the cattle never had fed, nor had the foot of man often rested upon its soil.

There were strange grasses and odd

plants upon this island, and it was upon a bed of these grasses that Glaucus spread his nets. There were hundreds of fish, and many kinds were there among them. One by one Glaucus gathered them up, placing them in little piles, each kind by itself.

But suddenly a wonderful change came over the fish. Perhaps it was the strange grass that had affected them! For certainly no fish the old fisherman had ever seen behaved as these fish now behaved. They winked and blinked; they wriggled their tails and flapped their fins; and, strangest of all, they hopped and rolled and tumbled, until every one of them reached the banks, and plunged again into the waters and swam away.

"What can this mean?" asked Glaucus, watching the fish disappear before his eyes

"Has some god set a spell upon these creatures of the waters? Is old Neptune angry that I should take them from his seas? Or is there some magic power in these strange grasses?"

"I will know if it be the grasses;" and the old fisherman gathered a handful and began slowly and thoughtfully to taste and to swallow it.

Yes, it was the grasses; for hardly had he tasted, when there came upon him an unaccountable longing for the waters of the sea. He went to the banks and drank. But that did not satisfy him; he must have more. And from that day to this such has been the effect upon all people of drinking sea-water.

Again he drank; and again and again; till at last, so frantic did he become, that he

could do no less than plunge into the sea itself. Down, down he sank; and far out, out to sea did he float.

Strange creatures he saw about him in the water and upon the sea bottom below.

By and by beautiful nymphs began to appear; and, at last, straight into the palace of the ocean god himself he floated.

Very graciously did old Oceanus receive the fisherman, and most gladly did Glaucus accept his welcome; for he had now no love for the land, and longed only to live forever in the cool depths of the sea.

"But you must be in form like unto those of us who dwell beneath the sea," said Oceanus.

"Gladly would I be like thee," answered Glaucus; and even while he spoke, behold, a change came over him. His hair grew green

like the sea-weed and floated far out behind him; his body became covered with shining scales of green and silver; and his legs took on the shape of a long, green, fish-like tail.

Glaucus was delighted with his fine color; he swam up and down before the palace,

flashing his green scales in the sunlight, and watching his long green hair as it floated upon the top of the water.

And it may be that Glaucus would have gone on happy forever, had he not one day spied upon the shore a beautiful maiden,

whose fair face and golden hair made him wish he were a mortal again, that he might speak with her and walk with her upon the land.

Up close to the shore Glaucus swam, and lifted his green head above the waters. "O beautiful maiden," he began,— but at sight of him the beautiful maiden ran screaming into the forests; nor did she ever come down to the waters at that place again.

Morning after morning Glaucus watched for her, till at last he saw her far down the shore, sitting upon the rocks in the sun.

Quickly Glaucus swam to her, and, lifting his head above the waters, began again; "O beautiful maiden"— but again the beautiful maiden fled, screaming, to the forests.

Then Glaucus, sad at heart, swam away to the island of Circe the enchantress. "O

Circe," he moaned, "give me back my mortal form, that I may again walk upon the land and try to win the love of the beautiful Scylla"

But Circe had no wish to aid poor Glaucus. Indeed, she was very angry that he should wish to leave the waters upon the shores of which she dwelt. "These people of the sea," said she to herself, "should admire me. I am no less beautiful than this golden-haired Scylla. Or if I am, then she shall be changed, not you, O Glaucus."

And the cruel Circe laughed to think how the maiden should be destroyed.

She made no answer to Glaucus, and the sad fisher-merman swam away to the palace of Oceanus. Nor did he ever know what a terrible fate befell his beautiful Scylla. He only knew that out in the waters, over against the roaring whirlpool of Charybdis, there came

to dwell a terrible serpent with six most terrible heads. And a cruel serpent it was; for as the ships passed by, it would reach forth its six terrible heads, open its six terrible jaws, and swallow up the crew. Or if the crew were hidden in the lower part of the vessel — and they learned very soon to be — then it would lash the waters with its terrible tail, and try to drive the vessel into the waters of the whirlpool.

Indeed, the waters between Scylla and Charybdis came to be a place dreaded above all rocks and shoals by the brave mariners who were forced to sail that way. Nor even when, at last Circe, wearied of her care over the terrible Scylla, changed her into a huge cliff, bidding her stand forever against the clear sky, did the sailors fear the waters less. For now there were treacherous rocks beneath

the waters — the six heads of the serpent they might be, still hiding below — and great was the danger that the ships would strike upon these sharp and cruel points. While on the other side, still roared and seethed the fateful waters of Charybdis; as indeed it roars now — even to this day.

PYGMALION AND GALATEA.

Pygmalion was a most wonderful sculptor. Never was he so happy as when with a great block of pure white marble he seated himself, chisel in hand, to carve out some beautiful creation.

His work was the admiration of all the world, and kings came to him from all the countries round about, begging him to make beautiful their palaces with his wonderful carvings. For the vines that he carved, the flowers, the leaves, were true vines and flowers and leaves in grace and beauty.

But one day he set himself to carve from the white, transparent marble the figure of a maiden, who should show forth the perfection

of all the maidenly beauty that had ever been.

Day after day, week after week he worked, from early morn till late at night; and when he went out among his comrades, he walked and listened as one in a dream.

"Pygmalion sees visions," the people began to whisper among themselves.

By and by, the sculptor began to work by night as well as by day; no one could win him away; neither would he permit his closest friends to look upon his work.

"The youth is mad," they said, and began to draw away from him. Still he worked on, till by and by there came a time when no sound of hammer was heard in the sculptor's chamber, and the great door was barred against the world. Still, Pygmalion dwelt alone, and no one dreamed the secret of his heart.

But one day, when the people were celebrating with festivities the glory of the goddess Venus, Pygmalion threw himself

VENUS.

before the altar and cried, "O most kind Venus, give me for my wife, my beautiful

marble Galatea! give me my beautiful marble Galatea!"

The people wondered. "It is the ravings of a madman," they said, and tried to lead him away from the altar. But Pygmalion knew, and Venus knew what his strange words meant, and she took pity upon the sculptor who had made a marble maiden so beautiful that he had grown to love her and to long to have her dwell with him, a real, speaking, thinking, living maiden.

When the festivities were over, and Pygmalion had laid upon the altar the richest gifts of all who had gathered there, he hurried back to his home. Would Venus grant his prayer? He hurried to the great chamber. There in the niche the statue stood, tall and beautiful as Venus herself.

Pygmalion knelt before it; then he rose

and folded his arms around it; he bent his head tenderly over the marble head. "O Galatea, Galatea," he whispered; "my beautiful Galatea!"

Then Pygmalion threw himself upon the rug before the statue and lay looking up at the beautiful face.

By and by a change began to creep over the marble; a pink glow flushed the pale face and arms; the hair softened and took on a hue of golden bronze; the eyelids quivered, opened — and there looked down upon the youth eyes of most tender, loving blue.

Slowly, slowly one hand was raised — then the other — one foot advanced — then the other. Pygmalion's heart beat fast. Down from the niche the marble Galatea — now the beautiful, rosy, flesh and blood Galatea — stepped. Pygmalion sprang to his feet. Gal-

atea came towards him; she stretched out her arms to him; and Pygmalion, lifting his eyes towards heaven, drew her to him saying, "O goddess Venus, I thank thee that thou hast given me my Galatea."

And Galatea proved to be as good as she was beautiful. A long, long, happy life they lived together; and it was from Pygmalion that Galatea learned to build the altar fires, to spin and weave, and to have charge over her household, as a goodly matron should; and never in all the land, even among the princesses, was a woman so beautiful, so wise, so good as the Galatea of the sculptor Pygmalion.

DRYOPE.

The beautiful young mother, Dryope, wandered in the sunlight along the riverside, crooning now and then soft music to the tiny baby that nestled in her arms and hid its little pink face in her fair neck.

Beneath the shade of a grove of grand old oaks, Dryope sat down to rest and to watch the still waters of the river.

Beside them grew a lotos plant, its branches heavy with the purple flowers.

"How beautiful!" said Dryope; and she reached forth her hand and gathered a branch whose flowers were deep and full.

But behold a terrible sight! From the stem of the broken branch blood poured forth, and a sad moaning filled the air; for this was the Nymph Lotis who, fleeing in fright, had been transformed, and, hidden thus, had dwelt near the shady grove, secure from harm.

Poor Dryope, sad indeed that she had brought sorrow again to the unhappy Lotis, rose to go away; but alas, she could not move. Already her punishment had come upon her and her feet held fast to the earth.

"Help, help, O help me!" she cried, swaying back and forth and stretching her hands towards heaven.

Hearing her cry, Dryope's sister came hurrying towards her. Already the woody bark had covered her to the waist, and Iole, clasping her arms around it, as if to warm it back to life, moaned and sobbed till the trees of the forest rocked to and fro, and the wind moaned and sobbed as if to show their sympathy with the great sorrow that had fallen upon the sisters.

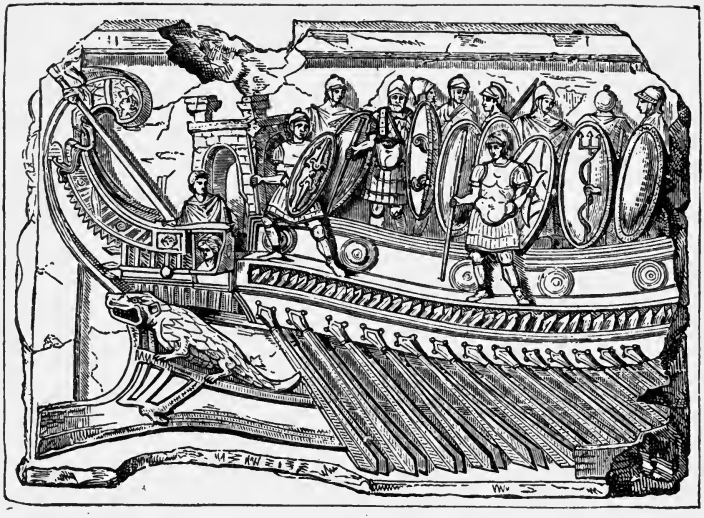
"O save me! save me, Iole! save me," moaned Dryope; but already her voice sounded like the wail of the wind in the forest. Leaves rustled and waved about her head; her arms were bound, and only the sweet face shown out among the upper branches.

"Don't let my baby forget me," she moaned. "Tell him of my cruel fate; and when he is grown, let him come to me and say, 'Beneath this bark my mother dwells';

and bid him be careful what flowers he plucks, lest he should chance upon a goddess transformed, and the cruel fate of his mother should some day be his as well.

"Lift the child to me. Let me once more kiss the sweet lips — then — go — away."

Already the voice of Dryope grew indistinct; for the bark had crept up over the fair throat and face; the eyes had closed; and by the riverside stood a tall straight Lotus tree that had not been there before. And as the peasants passed through the grove at night they said, "Strange that we should never have noticed this tree before. Almost we could believe it to be the growth of a day."



THE HALCYON BIRDS.

In Thessaly dwelt the just and peaceful king Ceyx, the son of Heosphoros, the Morning Star, and with him in his marble palace Queen Halcyone, the daughter of Æolus the Wind-god.

But there was trouble now in the heart of Ceyx; for already his brother had passed away

to the land of the shades, and dire prophecies of greater troubles still were rife in the kingdom.

"I must go," said he to Halcyone, "across

ÆOLUS.

the waters to consult the Oracle at the temple of Apollo."

A great fear filled the heart of Halcyone — a premonition of great sorrow to come; and, falling upon her knees, she begged King Ceyx to give up this journey across the seas —

a journey long and wearisome, and sorely fraught with cruel danger. "But if it seems to you," she said, "that there is no other way to escape the ills that beset our kingdom, then take me, I pray, with you. Even the dangers of the sea will be light to bear, as compared with the long weeks of dread and uncertainty and weary waiting."

The words of Halcyone weighed heavily upon the soul of Ceyx, and fain would he have turned back; but already the boat lay waiting, the oarsmen were at their benches, with oars in hand.

With moaning and bitter tears Halcyone bade the king farewell; for well she knew some evil lay before him, and heavy was her heart and full of fear.

Upon the bank she stood, waving her hand to her husband and watching him upon

the boat far, far out at sea, until at last the purple distance hid him from her view; then, sad at heart, she turned away and entered the deserted palace.

On, on, across the waters the little vessel bounded, and for a time all was well; but when the sun went down, and darkness began to settle upon the sea, a change came upon the deep. Far away a moaning, as of the wind was heard; the waters were restless; white specks of foam tossed to and fro; the waves rose higher and higher; the east wind burst upon them; and the rain poured down in torrents.

"The sails! the sails!" the master cried; but so loudly did the wind howl and shriek among the rigging that no commands could be heard; moreover, the vessel so rocked and plunged that no man could climb the rigging,

and the rain so beat upon them that not even the bravest and the hardiest of all the sailors could see to guide his steps.

The thunders roared; the lightning flashed; the boat pitched and reeled; and the great waves burst over the vessel, sweeping the crew from the deck, and bearing them far out upon the black and stormy sea.

And now the mast falls with a crash; the surge rolls over upon the wreck; the little vessel sinks beneath the waves; and the Morning Star, powerless to save, shrouds its face in the black clouds.

The king, seizing upon a broken spar, floats with it upon the water, calling upon the Morning Star and upon Æolus to save him. At last the waters overwhelm him, and with a prayer that his body may be washed ashore,

that Halcyone may know his fate, he sinks beneath the black waters.

The weeks pass by; up and down the shore each day Halcyone wandered, watching until the darkness fell for the coming of her husband's ship. At night she prayed to Juno that her husband might be guided and guarded, and at last restored to her and to his kingdom. Rare incense she burned upon the altars, and daily sacrifices she offered, till Juno, saddened with these prayers for one already dead, called to her side the faithful Iris and said, "Good messenger, go thou upon thy rainbow bridge down to the cave of Somnus, and bid him in mercy send to Halcyone a dream that shall tell her the sad fate that has already befallen her husband, Ceyx, the king of Thessaly."

Iris obeyed; and spreading the rich rainbow of many colors across the sky, she

IRIS, GALLERY OF ST. LUKE, ROME.

sped downward to the cave of Somnus; and that night there came to the sad Halcyone a vision that spoke to her saying, "Watch no longer with weary eye for the return of Ceyx your husband; for, look at me, recognize me, I am his shade, and I have come to tell you that weeks ago I sank beneath the waters. Watch for me no longer; but busy thyself with funeral rites for me, and bid my people build a tomb to my memory. Be brave, dear Halcyone, and thou, too, shalt come to the land of the shades when the gods so will."

Then the vision disappeared; and Halcyone, springing from her bed, cried aloud for her maids, and told them the dream that had come to her.

Then down to the water's edge she sped and stretched her arms outward toward the distant horizon. "O Father Æolus," she

cried, "give me wings strong and large that I may fly out across the waters to the place where my poor husband sank beneath the angry waters. O father, father, help thy child!"

And as she prayed, behold, she was lifted from the shore; a strange power wafted her high in air; and out across the waters she floated, her long robes dipping upon the billowy waters.

Out, out she floated, the large strong wings steady, firm, unfailing. At last, upon the surface of the waters afar off, Halcyone spied lying upon the waters, a pale, white body. "It is Ceyx," she thought; and from her throat there burst a flood of soft, sad melody. On, on she sped, till she came to the spot where the body lay, so cold and still upon the wave.

It was indeed the body of the king; for the Morning Star and Æolus were guiding it towards the shores of Thessaly. Halcyone bent tenderly over it, and again the soft, sad music filled the air. For an instant the wings closed, and the sad wife knelt upon the wave.

And Juno, looking down upon the scene, pitied Halcyone; and, descending from Olympus, stood beside them on the waters. Her hands she outstretched and placed upon the heads of each, saying, "Go, thou loving hearts; seek a home for yourselves in the cliffs of the sea, and dwell there again together, happy in all the ages to come."

And behold, there arose from the waters two large, strong birds; and together they flew across the waters, to the white cliffs far away. And there to this day they dwell in peace and happiness; and each year when they build

their nest and Halcyone broods over the little ones, Æolus holds the winds in check; the Sun and the Morning Star shine brightly, and all is peace and quiet upon the sea; for these are the Halcyon Days — and in them all nature rests.

THE STORY OF POMONA.

There were many, many Hamadryads — or Wood-nymphs, if you like the easier word better — who watched over the forests, the valleys, the hillsides, the rivers, the lakes, the waterfalls, the brooklets; but to Pomona's heart the orchards were the dearest.

Her sisters might wander if they willed in the wild woodlands, but Pomona loved better the abodes of man and the vines and trees that bore him fruit.

Her sisters rejoiced in the javelin and the hunt; but to Pomona the simple pruning knife was better; and, armed with it, she rejoiced to wander from vineyard to vineyard, and from orchard to orchard, pruning here

and grafting there, till every vine and every tree grew strong and tall, and the branches

POMONA.

bent beneath the heavy load of fruit.

And Pomona was beautiful to look upon;

her eyes shone like stars and her cheeks were rosy, like the apples she loved so well.

Not a Faun nor Satyr in all the forest but loved the beautiful Pomona, and would have counted himself happy to have won a smile from her; but Pomona was busy and happy in her orchards, and seemed to care more for the fruit than for the Fauns.

But of them all, Vertumnus loved her most of all. Often would this youth come to her in disguise, and so gain a vision of her, and perhaps win the favor of a few words with her.

Once he came as a reaper, bringing her rich and yellow sheaves; again as a farmer, ox-goad in hand, weary from his hard day's work; again as a vine dresser, with a pruning knife like her own.

But one day he came as an old bent

SATYRS, (PINACOTHEK, MUNICH.)

woman, a cap about her head, and a staff in her trembling hand. Now Pomona was kind of heart, and she made a seat for the old woman on a soft bank, and sat beside her.

"It is strange," said the old woman, after a time, "that so beautiful a maiden as you should give so little heed to the brave youths that dwell in the land.

There is Vertumnus; surely a handsome youth is he, and he would give his life for you. Now my dear Pomona, take an old woman's advice, and do not let your heart grow hard and cold. Did you ever hear the story of Iphis and the young princess Anaxarete?"

And the old woman shook her head solemnly and blinked her eyes knowingly. "Long, long," said she, "Iphis sought to gain the love of the princess; but she was as deaf

to his words as are the cliffs to the surging of the waters.

Then Iphis, weary of his sad life, threw himself into the dark waters of the rivers; and when the dead body of the youth was found, they bore him through the streets of the city where the princess dwelt.

But even now the heart of the maiden was cold and hard; and the gods said, 'So cruel a maiden as this deserves as cruel a punishment.' And, behold, as she looked down from her tower upon the unhappy Iphis, she was changed, from head to foot, to a marble statue, as cold and hard as her heart had been."

Very closely had Pomona listened to the wonderful story. Her cheeks grew red, the tears came into her beautiful eyes. The form of the old woman disappeared, and the noble

Vertumnus stood before her, the handsome hero that he was.

The legend does not say what words they spoke; but when the harvest time was over, and the fruits were gathered in, there was a great marriage festival among the forest trees.

The hillsides rang with the song of Fauns and Satyrs; Pan played upon his lyre as never he had played before; and even old Sylvanus arrayed himself in newest robes of green; and all this in honor of the goddess Pomona and the brave youth Vertumnus.

PSYCHE.

They were most beautiful maidens; but of them all, Psyche, the youngest, was most beautiful.

So beautiful indeed was she that people came from all the countries round about to gaze upon her as she came forth from her royal father's kingly palace.

All the youths and maidens up and down the kingdom talked of her, and for a time forgot to pay their homage at the altars of Venus.

Great offense was this against that goddess, whose jealousy was aroused. "Go," said she to her winged son Cupid, "down to the kingdom where this maiden dwells, and

punish her as she deserves. How dares she claim a beauty so great that my altars are forsaken. Go fill her heart with love for some

PSYCHE (A. DE CURZON.)

horrible, deformed, unworthy creature, so that she and all who dwell with her may suffer mortification as great as this I suffer now."

Readily Cupid sped down through the soft air to the palace where Psyche dwelt.

With him he carried a vial of the bitter water that should bring sorrow into the maiden's life, even as Venus wished.

But alas for Cupid's wicked plan! For when he looked upon her, lying upon her snowy couch of down, so pure and beautiful was she, that he himself bowed his head and fell upon his knees before her. Never, even among the goddesses on Mt. Olympus, had he seen such beauty; and, forgetting his mother's command, the youth's heart filled with but one thought — to win her for his own bride.

Now it happened that, on the next day, the king and queen visited the Oracle to consult concerning matters of the kingdom; but Cupid, speeding on before them, took his place within the altar, and spoke to the king and queen from out his own overflowing heart.

Strange and unsatisfactory, so the king thought, were the Oracle's words, save when it spoke of his beautiful daughter Psyche.

"Prepare thy household," said Cupid, "as

for a great wedding. Array thy daughter in rarest robes of white. Take her to the top of yonder mountain, and there leave her, and lead thy household back unto thy palace; for on the top of the mountain shall she find a palace more beautiful than any ever built by mortal king; and there shall her husband receive her; for this shall be the wedding festivity of the fair Psyche."

Sadly the king and queen returned to their home and told their daughter what the Oracle had said. The hearts of all were filled with fear; yet no one dared disobey the command of the Oracle, and Psyche, arrayed in a long white robe, whose shimmering light trailed far out behind her on the way, and lay like a beautiful cloud upon the hillside, was led up the mountain side, just as the sun was sinking in the west. Sadly her father and her

mother kissed their child, then turned back to their desolate home.

When they were far down the mountain side, and the darkness was already creeping over the sky, there came to Psyche a soft voice like the music of the western wind, saying, "Be not afraid, sweet maid; come with me to the beautiful home that thy husband has prepared for thee."

Then Psyche was led along the mountain top, down into a beautiful glen, where stood a beautiful palace of marble. The floors were inlaid with precious stones, and from the ceilings lamps of amber and of gold shed a soft and mellow light.

There was rich music in the air, and on every side kind voices bade her welcome.

By and by there was a burst of music rare, and a voice beside her said, "Thy hus-

band cometh." But, alas, he too was invisible; and though he spoke to her in tenderest words, and was so kind to her that she could not but love him in return, he would not permit that she should look upon his face.

For a long time Psyche dwelt in her strange home, which soon she learned to love and be most happy in. By and by, however, there came to her a longing to see her sisters and to tell her father and her mother of her happy fate.

"I will bring them to you," said Cupid — for of course it was Cupid who had made this beautiful palace and had won her love — and away he sped to where the sisters dwelt.

In the guise of a mountain guide he appeared before them, delivered Psyche's words, and offered to lead them to their sister's palace on the mountain top.

Gladly did the sisters set forth upon the journey, and joyous indeed was the meeting of Psyche with them.

Through the palace, from floor to tower, she showed them the wonders of her new home; they heard the invisible servants receive their orders, and saw with what perfection the orders were carried out. All day long the soft music floated down from the trees above, and the mellow light shone through the purple windows.

"And now Psyche," said the sisters, "tell us about the Prince that has prepared for you this beautiful home."

"O he is very kind!" answered Psyche.

"But how does he look?"

"There is nothing in all the world that he will not bring to me if I but show even a faint desire for it."

"We can believe that easily; but how does the Prince look?"

"Never in all the world was there ever a husband so kind."

"But is he tall and handsome?"

"And he sings most beautifully; and"—

"Is his hair yellow? And are his eyes blue like your own beautiful eyes?"

Poor Psyche! she could not deceive her sisters, neither could she keep her secret from them longer. "O sisters," said she, weeping, "I — I — have never seen his face. He comes only after the darkness has settled upon the mountain, and he departs from the palace before the sun gilds the eastern sky. He is most kind and gentle always, and I have not cared to see his face, since for some reason it seems best to him that I should not."

"You foolish, foolish girl!" her sisters

cried. "What nonsense! How do you know he is not some terrible creature, disfigured and deformed?"

"Sometime, he tells me, I may see him!"

"Sometime! Sometime!" the sisters answered angrily. "See to it that the sometime is this very night. Now take our advice. We are older than you; and never in all our lives did we ever hear such nonsense. Why, the creature may be a being wholly unworthy to look upon the daughter of a king;" and the sisters went away, scolding angrily.

Poor Psyche! never had it entered her mind before to doubt her husband's true and generous motives. He had been so kind and gentle; and sometime she was sure that she should see him face to face. It would be a good face—she had been sure of that. But now — O dear! — what if? — and she threw

herself upon her couch and cried as if her heart would break.

Night came; and with it the kind husband, bringing her a most beautiful gift, as was his custom always.

But there was a shadow upon Psyche's face to-night, for her sister's words were ringing in her ears still, and doubt had entered her heart.

Hour after hour Psyche lay upon her couch, wondering, wondering, wondering; for with the sound of these words in her ear there was no sleep for her. "I must know," she said; and taking her silver candle in her hand she crept softly out from her chamber, down the long marble hall.

There upon a couch of white and silver, the Prince lay fast asleep. Psyche held her breath in wonder; for never had she seen a

prince of such surpassing beauty. His yellow hair lay in beautiful ringlets about his forehead; and his skin was pink and soft and white like a baby's. But, strangest of all, folded softly upon his back, were two white wings like those of a beautiful bird.

"It is Cupid!" said Psyche, with a start, and her heart beat fast with joy. But alas for Psyche! In her surprise she tipped her candle and a drop of the boiling oil fell upon the rosy shoulder of the god. With a cry he sprang from his couch, and seeing Psyche, said, "O Psyche, Psyche, could you not trust me? Have I not been kind and gentle with you always? But now farewell! Love cannot dwell where there is suspicion." And spreading his snow-white wings, he flew away. With him the palace, too, disappeared; and poor Psyche found herself alone upon the cold mountain top.

Morning dawned at last, and Psyche made her way down the rough mountain pass to the valley below. There was a temple there, and Psyche entered. She threw herself prostrate before the altar and begged Venus to forgive her for any wrong she had ever done, however innocently, against that goddess, and to give her some task to do, by which she might atone for her wrong-doing, and prove herself worthy of whatever peace Venus might grant to her in her future years.

Scornfully Venus looked down upon the prostrate Psyche. "Very well," she said, "here is a wagon-load of wheat and barley, millet, beans, and lentils. Separate these grains, and let me see them at nightfall in five baskets, each kind by itself.

Psyche sat down before the grain. The tears poured down her pale cheeks, for she

knew her task was hopeless, and that Venus had cruelly meant that it should be so. But just then a soft voice beside her said, "Fear not; do you not see that these ants will help you?" And sure enough, a great colony of ants had fallen upon the grain, and were separating it particle by particle.

A happy smile broke over Psyche's face, for she knew it was Cupid's voice that had spoken to her; and at nightfall she stood before Venus, her five baskets filled, each with a separate grain.

"This is no work of yours, wicked one," said Venus, and, angry, she turned away.

The next morning, however, she sent again for Psyche, and said, "Do you see yonder that flock of a thousand golden fleeced sheep? Go, then, to the field, and bring me wool from the back of each one of that great flock."

Very sorrowfully again Psyche wandered along to the water's edge; for this task was even more hopeless than that of the day before — and dangerous as well.

But from the reeds along the banks a voice again spoke to her; for again Cupid had come to her and had secured the promise of the river-god to help her in the second hopeless task.

"O unhappy maiden," said the voice among the reeds, "do not attempt to cross this dangerous flood, nor to approach the angry rams on the opposite bank; for they burn with a cruel rage to destroy mortals with their sharp horns. Wait until the hot noontide sun has driven them to sleep beneath the shade. Then, too, the flood will be quiet, and you may cross in safety; and you will find, without trouble whole armfuls of the shining wool

upon the bushes where the rams have crowded past."

And so, again, Psyche succeeded in performing the task allotted to her by the cruel Venus.

But when, at nightfall, she bore the shining wool to the goddess, she angrily said again, "You have succeeded, but not by any power of your own; that I know full well. Some one again has given you help; but I will force you yet to fail. Go, then, at once to Proserpina, who dwells in the land of shades, and give to her this box. Tell her to fill it with beautiful color that I may bathe in it before I appear before the gods and goddesses in council. Go, let there be no delay."

This was indeed a most hopeless command. The other two had been possible, almost probable, compared with this; and the poor child sat down in mute despair.

Again a voice came to her and said, "O faithless maiden, do you not know that you will be helped in this even as you have been helped before! Rise then, be brave, and go do what is bidden you. Go first to the great cave

PLUTO.

that stands, black and terrible, beneath the mountain by the riverside. Enter, and you will be led to the entrance to Hades. Then the three-headed dog, Cerberus, may growl and show its teeth; but go on, have no fear. You

will reach the home of Proserpina and she will fill the box for you. Only remember this, whatever happens, do not open the box nor look within it; for that only can you be punished."

And Psyche, encouraged, arose and made her way to the great black cave. Everything was as the voice had said, and in a short time she was on her way back into the light of the upper world.

But, alas, the foolish maiden! Hardly was she safely out from the blackness, when there came to her a strange longing to know what was within the box. "It is by this," she said, "that cruel Venus preserves immortal her wonderful beauty; why should I not know her secret, too? Do I not wish, as well as she, to preserve, immortal, my beauty?"

And Psyche opened the box, forgetting

what the voice had said, and looked within. But nothing did she see; for no sooner had she raised the lid than a dull heavy sleep fell upon her; her eyes closed, and she fell like one dead, by the riverside.

"O Psyche, Psyche," cried Cupid, coming again to the rescue; almost again, by the same foolish curiosity, have you lost your chance for happiness; but rouse yourself, and speed away to Venus with the box; already she waits, impatient, for it."

And then Cupid, spreading his wings, flew upward into the presence of Jupiter, told him the whole long story, and begged him to allow forgiveness to be carried to Psyche. And more than that,—he begged that she might even be brought to Olympus and be made immortal.

Jupiter looked kindly upon the fair-faced

Cupid and smiled. "Carry to her this cup," he said, "and bid her drink. Then shall she be immortal, and shall come to dwell in peace forever upon Olympus, where the jealousy of no goddess in the land or sea or in the heavens shall separate her from her faithful Cupid."

THE DRAGON'S TEETH.

The children of old King Agenor were playing by the shore of the sea, when afar off they saw a gentle white cow feeding in the field near by.

"Let's play with her," said the children; and away they ran to her. And, indeed, the cow seemed to enjoy the play quite as well as the children did; for when they made a wreath of wild flowers for her, she bent her pretty head for them to place it upon her neck, and even allowed the children to clamber over her.

By and by the little Europa climbed upon her back. Her brothers made reins of woven grasses for her and fastened them to the horns of the cow.

But no sooner were the reins in the little Europa's hands, than a change seemed to come over the spirit of the cow. She raised

STATUE OF EUROPA.

her head high, planted her fore feet, and, with a bound, was out across the fields and down to the water's edge.

The brothers screamed with fright, and

little Europa lifted up her voice in a piteous wail; but little did the cow care for that. On, on, she plunged, even into the sea, and swam with the little girl upon her back far, far out, until the little brothers could no longer see her for the purple mists that had settled down upon the waters.

Then the oldest brother, Cadmus, made a solemn vow. "Some spell is upon my sister," said he, "and the cow is some power in disguise. Nevertheless will I go forth to find Europa; nor will I return until I bring her with me."

And Cadmus set forth; for years and years he wandered up and down the country, asking in every village, "Have you seen a snow-white cow, bearing upon her back a little girl with golden hair and violet eyes?"

But no one had seen either the cow or

the child; and sometimes the people stared at Cadmus and thought he was mad to ask such a question.

And now Cadmus had become a man. One day, as he knelt before the Oracle asking for guidance, as he had done for years, the voice said to him, "Search no longer for the child. Do you not know that, wherever she is, she is now a tall maiden, and has made for herself long since a home in some far distant land? And you yourself are a man now, strong and able to build cities or lead armies to battle. Give up, then, this search, and go out from the temple with changed plans. In the field outside you will find a young heifer. Follow it as long as it shall wander; and where at last it shall lie down to rest, there it is that the gods would have you build a city; and the city shall be great, and its name shall be called Thebes."

Cadmus went out from the temple as he had been bidden; and there in the field stood the heifer browsing, even as the Oracle had said.

"I can trust the command," Cadmus thought; and when the heifer moved along the roadside, Cadmus followed willingly; and when at last it lay down to rest, Cadmus prostrated himself beside it, kissed the ground, and offered sacrifice to Jupiter.

Near by stood a tall dense forest, and far within the forest sprang from the dark rocks a fountain of clear, sweet waters. To this fountain Cadmus made his way, for he was tired and thirsty from his long journey, and was in sore need of the fresh waters.

But hardly had he stooped to drink, when he heard above his head a crackling of boughs and the hissing of a terrible dragon. Quickly

Cadmus seized a great rock, tore it out from the earth, and threw it with the force of a giant against the head of the angry creature.

Little harm did it do, however, but came

JUPITER.

rolling down into the glen like the crash of Jupiters's own thunderbolt; and the dragon only opened his great mouth the wider, showing his terrible, shining teeth.

Then Cadmus threw his javelin — an enchanted javelin it was — and even the dragon could not resist its poisonous point. In through the brazen scales it flew, and the great creature, unable to cast it out, writhed and hissed and curled, then fell dead, down from the great cliff, at Cadmus's feet.

"Plant the teeth of the dragon," said a voice close at Cadmus's ear; "plant the dragon's teeth."

It was a strange command, yet Cadmus obeyed; but scarcely had he covered them with the ground, when the clods of earth began to move. Tiny spears pushed their way up; then shining helmets showed their steel; then nodding plumes; and then the heads, the shoulders, the bodies, the legs, — till there stood before the hero a full army of armed warriors.

Again Cadmus drew his sword. Was here another foe? But the warriors took no heed of him; but fell rather to fighting each other. One after another was slain, until at last just five were left; and these, coming towards Cadmus, laid down their spears before him, saying, "We have come to help you build your city."

And grand help these five warriors proved to be; for in a few years a beautiful city had been built, over which Cadmus reigned as king for many a happy year.

ECHO.

ECHO AND NARCISSUS.

Echo was a beautiful maiden — a wood-nymph who spent her days in happy play upon the hillsides and in the valleys along the rivers.

No one would have supposed any harm could come to her, so innocent and beautiful was she. But one day Juno came hurrying along the riverside, evidently in great haste. She stopped to speak with Echo, and then attempted to hurry on.

Now, whether Echo intended to delay Juno, or whether she was flattered that the great goddess should speak to her, no one can tell; but one thing is sure, Juno was delayed by Echo's continual talking, which followed

her even along the valley; so that when she reached her destination she was far too late, and her errand, whatever it was, was fruitless.

Juno was angry, indeed; and seeing the nymph on her return through the same valley and along the riverside, she fell upon her with words so angry and excited, that the poor child could not speak for fright.

"Never shall your voice come back to you," cried Juno, her angry brow growing blacker and blacker; "never shall you speak again to any companion; to you shall be left only the power to echo the last word you hear."

Then Echo went away into the forest to weep, and Juno ascended to her home in Mt. Olympus.

By and by there came into Echo's valley the brave youth Narcissus. He was very beautiful, and a daring hunter; but alas, most

foolishly vain; and, as vain people always are, selfish.

But Echo thought only of his great beauty, and longed to gain his admiration. If only she might speak to him! But no, she had no voice and could only echo now and then some last word he might speak.

One day the youth, while hunting in the valley, became separated from his companions and wandered near the home of Echo.

"Haloo!" he called.

"Haloo!" answered Echo.

"I'm lost!" he called again.

"Lost," answered Echo sadly.

"Is any one here?" he shouted loudly.

"Here," answered Echo.

"Then come," cried Narcissus, a little impatient.

"Come," answered Echo; and she did

come. But when he saw it was only poor little Echo who had come, he was very rude to her. So rude that she fled back, weeping, to the forests again.

Then Narcissus wandered on up and down the river by himself, trying to find his way back to his companions. Tired at last, he threw himself down by the waters to rest. He was thirsty, and so leaned over the bank to drink. Suddenly a beautiful face like his own confronted him, its large blue eyes looking up into his very own.

Now, a face like his own the vain Narcissus could love; for such he had only words of courtesy and kindness. "O beautiful one!" he said, "come to me." The face smiled up at him but did not come. Narcissus smiled more sweetly; the face, too, smiled more sweetly; still it came no nearer, nor could

Narcissus approach it. More than once he plunged into the water to meet it; but no sooner did he ruffle the smooth waters than it

NARCISSUS.

would disappear; nor would it return until he had left the waters and lay quiet again upon the bank.

All day long Narcissus pleaded with the

beautiful face, and when night came he fell asleep beside the waters, meaning to wait until the sun should come again to resume his entreaties with the beautiful face.

The sun came again, and with it again the face. Another day Narcissus spent by the riverside; another and another; another and another; until at last a sad, sad fate overtook him. He pined and pined; he grew thin and pale, and at last he died — there by the pool of clear, still water.

And when his comrades came to search for him, they found, where he had died, a beautiful purple flower. "Is our Narcissus dead?" his comrades asked.

"Dead," answered Echo sadly.

Then the comrades looked down at the purple flower, whose purple reflection lay dancing on the waters.

"And from his dead body this flower has sprung," they said.

"This flower has sprung," answered Echo. And the comrades gathered the purple flower and carried it to the home of Narcissus, telling there the words that the voice in the river valley had spoken to them.

POET'S NARCISSUS.

CLYTIE.

CLYTIE.

Poor foolish Clytie! She did not cry for the moon, to be sure; but every morning when she came forth from the waters and rested upon the river bank, her face turned eagerly

towards the great red sun, rising far away in the east.

To her there was nothing in the heavens, nor in the earth, so beautiful. She gave no ear to the bird, nor to the rippling of the waters; she had no eye for the color in the grass or flowers; nor to her were the sunset clouds beautiful, except that through them the bright sun, as he bade farewell to the earth, sank to his rest behind the hills.

Nor did she turn her face towards Olympus where dwelt the gods and the goddesses; and sadder than all this, she forgot her own sisters, the water nymphs, and wandered lonely up and down the river banks, her eyes following always the sun in its course across the skies.

At last the gods and goddesses, it is feared, grew jealous, resenting such neglect

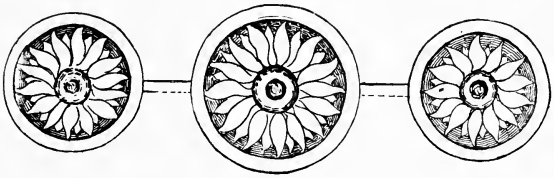
from one from whom respect and reverence were due; and it is said they convened together and punished the poor foolish Clytie for her neglect.

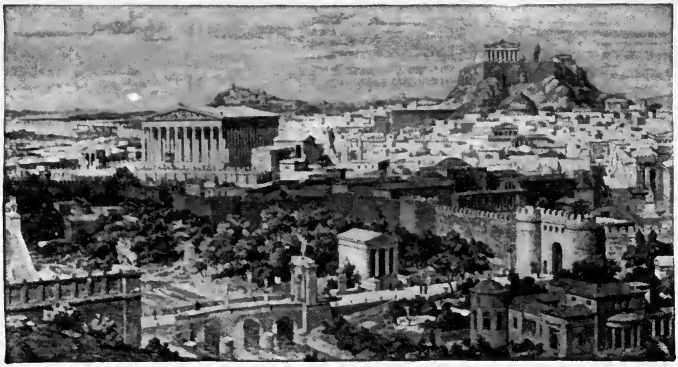
For there came a morning when the sun shone out and no Clytie turned her eyes towards the east to greet his coming. At least, there was no water nymph by the river side, as for so many mornings there had been, waiting, eager and earnest, for the first ray of yellow light.

But where this sweet water nymph had been wont to stand with face upturned, there stood a tall, rich golden flower, its face turned towards the east. And strange to say, as the sun rose and crossed the sky, the flower turned upon its stalk and followed; so that when sunset came, the flower's face was lifted towards the west, and on its golden petals the last rays

lingered, filling the valley with a golden glory.

"It shall be called the sun flower," said the people; "and it shall be guarded well; for it may be that in its root and stalk the soul of Clytie dwells."





ATHENS RESTORED.

ARACHNE.

Minerva, or Athenæ, which ever name you like best, was the goddess of wisdom. Indeed, it is said she sprang forth, armed with shield and helmet, straight from the mighty brain of Jupiter himself, which, if true, is reason enough for her great wisdom.

Minerva presided over all useful and also all ornamental arts of both men and women

—spinning, weaving, agriculture, navigation;—all these she understood and could direct.

Moreover, she was always present upon the battle field; not with the savage love for bloodshed that Mars gloried in and never failed to bring about, but with firm wisdom, justice, and ready always to take the part of the weak and ill-used.

The beautiful city of Athens was her chosen seat, a prize awarded her by Jupiter in a contest with old Neptune.

It was like this: Neptune and Athenæ both loved the beautiful plain, and both besought Jupiter to grant them the honor of its possession.

"What can I do?" asked Jupiter; "you have asked for it, both together; and both in my sight are equally deserving."

"Let us contend for it," said Minerva.

And so it was arranged, that, when next the Sun rose in the east, Minerva and

MARS.

Neptune should come before the council on Mt. Olympus, bringing with them gifts for the

people who would dwell in the beautiful city. And to that one who brought the gift most useful, most helpful, should be given charge over the city.

The Sun arose; and the council gathered. Minerva and Neptune stood before the mighty judge.

"I bring the horse," said Neptune, "as my gift; with it man can plow, travel, and can carry war against his enemy."

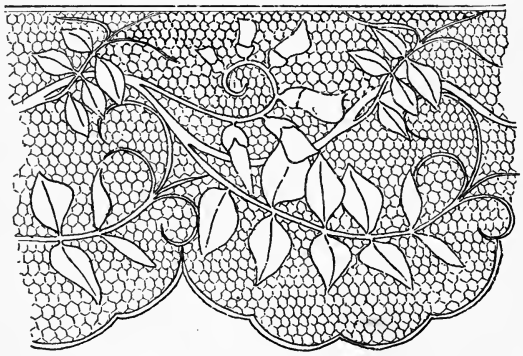
"And I," said Athenæ, "bring this little olive, from which a tree shall spring to furnish food and oil and shelter to the people."

Unlike gifts, were they not? For a long time the council sat in judgment; and at last, as you must already have suspected, the prize was awarded to Athenæ, and the city thus became her own.

Most wisely did she rule the city; for

never in all the history of the world has there been one so famous for beauty, for prowess, for art, and for great men and women.

But in this city there dwelt a proud and



haughty maiden, whose name was Arachne. She was a most wonderful spinner of wool and weaver of tapestry. Indeed her tapestries were so life like, the trees and fruit so natural, that often the birds would come and try to

alight upon the branches and peck at the fruit. And once, when she had woven a mountain and a rivulet, so true was it, that the nymphs came and knelt by the water to drink.

"You must have been a pupil of Minerva," said the people; "no other could have taught you to do such perfect weaving."

Now, one would have supposed this would have made the little maiden's heart beat fast with pride. But no, she would own no teacher. She wished, rather, that people should believe she taught herself unaided.

"Let the goddess herself come and contend with me," said the foolish girl. "I will soon show you all whether or not her work even can equal mine."

"She comes," said an angry voice near by; and there stood Minerva herself, a black frown upon her beautiful face.

"Foolish girl!" said she; "do you not know that the gods brook no insult? Sit down at your loom, and we will indeed show the people to whom the honor is due."

Arachne shook with fear. She took her shuttle in her hand and began to weave; Minerva, too, seated herself at a loom near by.

The looms hummed and buzzed; the shuttles flew; and slowly the tapestries grew before the eyes of the people, who stood in terror for Arachne's fate.

Arachne wove pictures of the gods in all the defeats that had ever come to them, and in all the wrongs they had ever done.

Minerva wove pictures of the gods in their greatest victories, of Neptune ruling over the sea, and among the figures the august Jove himself sat proudly.

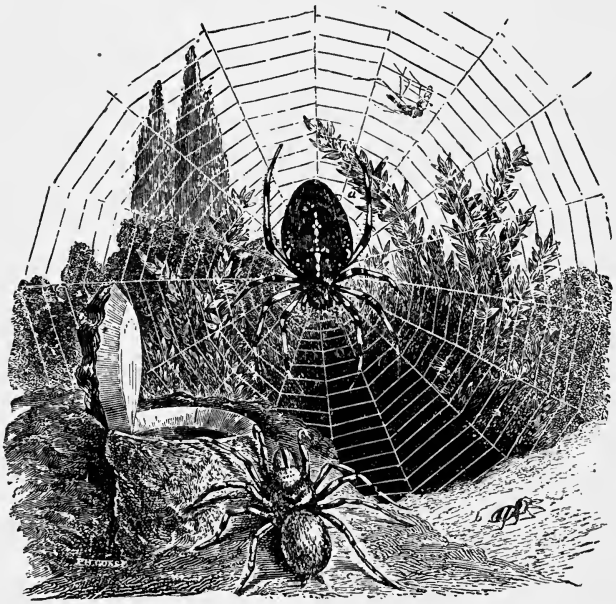
"Shame upon you, Arachne," said the

people, "to so insult the goddess. Shame! Shame upon you!" And then Minerva, touching the forehead of the saucy girl with her shuttle, so filled her heart with shame that she went away and hanged herself by the long threads of Tyrian colored wool with which she had been weaving.

But when Minerva saw the foolish Arachne hanging from the tree, she said, "Nay, nay, foolish girl, you shall not escape to the land of shades like this. Awake, and live; and forever more shall you and all your kin hang by your own threads, even as you are hanging now."

Then straightway the form of Arachne began to change. Her arms and legs began to shorten, her head grew small, and in this form, as spiders, behold the descendants of Arachne have gone on spinning the threads

with which they hang, from that time on till now, even as Minerva bade them do.



PERSEUS AND MEDUSA.

There were the Gracæ, white haired from their birth; and there were the Gorgons, hissing terrible creatures dwelling in the waters near the shore, cruel and treacherous always.

And some say the Gracæ were the billows that roll and toss away out in the sea; and that the Gorgons are the white-crested waves that break upon the shore; but whatever they were, there is a story about them that once heard will never be forgotten.

There was in the court of the king of Argos, a youth most brave, and strong, and daring. But of this youth, the king had great fear. "He shall die," said the king; and

straightway he began to devise ways of putting him to death.

PERSEUS.

He dared not slay him outright, for Perseus had hosts of friends at court who might avenge his death. So he called the lad

to him one day and said, "Away towards the far west, upon the shores of the sea, dwell the Gorgons. The head of one of them — Medusa — I must have."

"I will go," answered Perseus; for he knew full well what the cruel king desired.

"But wait," said the king. It is an adventure full of danger, and great must be the care you use; for the terrible curse of this Medusa is, that any mortal that looks upon her is turned at once to stone."

"It will not be an easy thing to find a foe one must not look upon," said Perseus bitterly; and he went out from the palace sad indeed at heart.

"Of course there is but one end — death," said he, as he buckled on his sandals.

"Keep up your courage, lad," said a voice close by. "Here, put on my sandals. They

will make you fleet-footed and invisible as well. And here is a shield, polished like glass.

"Take this now, and fly out across the waters till you come to the Gracæ. Follow

HEAD OF MEDUSA (AFFIZI, FLORENCE.)

their guide, and you will come into the land of the Gorgons.

"You will hear their hissing and seething long before you can see them. Then is the time to use your mirror-like shield. Turn

your back upon them, and fly backwards, holding your shield high until you see their reflection in it. Still watching them through the mirror, you must strike at them, get the head of Medusa, put it into this bag which I shall give you, and fly home again to punish the cruel king who has put this task upon you."

And away Perseus flew, encouraged by these words of helpfulness. On, on, for a whole day and a whole night, he flew, till he came at last into the home of the Gracæ. Then on, on, another day till he came into the land of the Gorgons.

As the good messenger, Mercury, had said, he heard the seething and hissing when yet afar off. It was like a roar, and then like the splash of waters; but Perseus was not afraid. Turning, he raised his shield; and in

MERCURY.

less time than it takes to tell you of it, he had swooped down upon Medusa with his magic power, had secured his prize, and was winging his way towards the far east, where twice the Sun rose to greet him before his journey was done.

Once, midway across the sea, he stopped to rescue the beautiful maiden Andromeda, who, for some cruel reason, was chained to a great rock, at the base of which, far down beneath the dark waters, sea serpents and ravenous dragons dwelt, who one day might rise and devour their prey.

Again he came into the land of Atlas, the huge giant who bears upon his shoulders this great, round earth of ours.

"Begone, rash youth," thundered Atlas; "approach not the garden of the golden apples, on penalty of your life."

PERSEUS AND ANDROMEDA.

"Look at me," called Perseus from afar; for he dared not come too near the gruff old fellow. "Look at me! Dare you contend with me? Lad though I am, I have a magic power."

"Away with you!" roared the giant again, turning in rage towards him. But as he turned, Perseus raised the Medusa head before him; and in one second the giant became a great mountain of rock, upon whose shoulders the earth sits all the more firmly because he never changes. Then seizing the very largest and handsomest of the golden apples, away the youth sped again toward the cruel king.

Together with his great court of advisors, all as wicked as he was himself, Perseus found the king in royal state.

"I have brought the Medusa head," said Perseus, presenting himself before the king.

"Fool!" shouted the king angrily; "how dare you speak false to me!"

"I do not speak false," answered Perseus; "I have it here in this leathern bag."

"Show it to me, then," sneered the king, "we are all here to see it."

"Here! here!" shouted the advisors.

"But you know the fate of all who look upon this face," said Perseus.

"Coward!" yelled the king, beside himself with rage. "Do you think to cheat us in this manner — with this foolish excuse? Show your prize, I say; or you shall die upon the spot!" And the angry king drew his spear, ready to hurl it upon the defenceless lad.

"I will do as you say," answered Perseus; "but I warn you once again — and he waited, one hand already in this leathern bag.

"Show! show!" yelled the advisors; and

Perseus, closing his own eyes, drew forth the snaky head of the terrible Medusa.

One second, and there was the hush of death throughout the palace hall; and when Perseus looked, behold every man stood transfixed in marble, even as Perseus had warned them would be there fate.

"And now, faithful lad," whispered Mercury, "this kingdom is yours; and over all the people you shall reign long and happily. Hail! then, all hail King Perseus the Brave!"

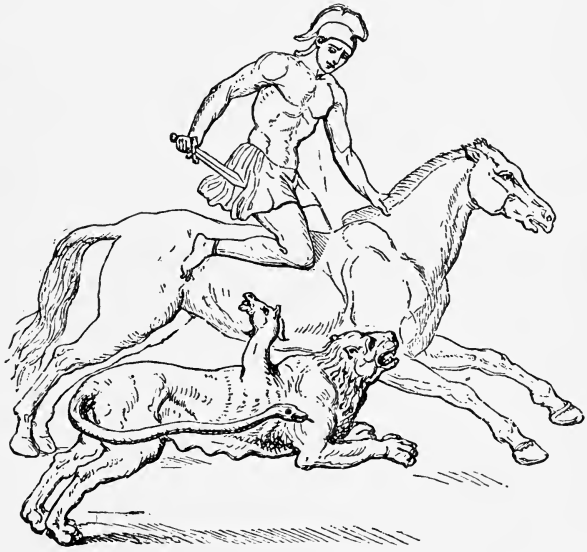
PEGASUS AND BELLEROPHON.

Bellerophon, the princely son of Glaucus, lived in the court of the king of Argos. Beautiful, and brave, and strong was he, and renowned in all the country for his daring deeds.

But the king, urged on by wicked advisors, sent Bellerophon far away into the country of a distant king, and with him sent messages to the king, asking that he should slay the youth lest he return to work harm to the kingdom of Argos.

When Bellerophon reached the kingdom of King Iobates, so beautiful and princely was he, the king welcomed him gladly to his court, and for nine days feted and feasted him, pouring upon him every honor.

At the end of the ninth day he called Bellerophon to him and said, "Now, my brave prince, deliver to me the message which you bring from your king."



BELLEROPHON AND THE CHIMÆRA.

"I cannot tell you what it is," answered Bellerophon, "but I will bring to you the sealed tablets upon which it is written, and

which I have faithfully borne from my king to you."

King Iobates read the message. He turned pale and shook with fear. For the message bade him, as we know, slay this youth whom he had now for nine days feted, and feasted, and honored.

For three days and three nights the king pondered upon the sad task laid upon him.

Now, great trouble had come to the people in a distant part of the realm. A terrible creature, half serpent and half lion, had taken up its abode in the forests, and each morning it rushed out upon the people, breathing forth a flame from its terrible mouth that set on fire the grasses and the trees.

All in vain had brave men sought to capture the creature; but each and every one

of them had been devoured or scorched to death before the burning flame.

"Bellerophon," said the king, "dare you go against this dread creature and try to save my people?" For if Bellerophon could be led to do this, his own destruction was sure, so the king thought.

"I will go," said Bellerophon, his brave heart touched by the story of the sufferings of the people.

But first Bellerophon asked the aid of Minerva, who, appearing to him in a dream, told him he must first secure the winged horse Pegasus, else all attempts, however brave, would be futile.

Now Pegasus was a winged horse, whom no one had ever yet been able to secure. Often was he seen frolicking in the fields, or drinking from the fountain that gushed from

the high cliffs outside the city. But Minerva had given Bellerophon a magic bridle, and, full of hope, the youth went forth.

All day long he lay upon the hillsides, waiting and watching. Often, up among the clouds, he caught sight of the white wings of the horse, but never once, all day long, did Pegasus come down to earth.

The night passed. More than once Bellerophon heard the whirring of the wings above his head, but could only see the shadow in the darkness.

At sunrise Bellerophon went down to the fountain and concealed himself in the heavy overhanging branches of a great tree. Bridle in hand, he waited, for sooner or later Pegasus was sure to come.

By and by the whirring of the wings was heard; then the clattering of the silver hoofs;

and there, at the fountain, stood the snow-white steed, frisking and prancing, as if too full of life to stop even to drink. Patiently Bellerophon waited. Noiselessly he crept along the bough, and waited until Pegasus should stretch his long neck down to the water.

Then, with a quick spring, he bounded upon the back of the horse and grasped him by his beautiful, flowing mane. With a cry of terror almost human, the strange creature bounded out into the fields, carrying Bellerophon upon his back. Over and over he rolled, while Bellerophon tried to place the magic bridle. Up, up, among the clouds he flew, rolling and plunging in his attempt to throw off his unwelcome rider. But even Pegasus could not withstand the will of the gods; and all in good time he fell beneath the

power of the magic bridle and the dauntless daring of the youth.

And most wonderful it was, the obedience and love that seemed to fall upon him with the bridle; for from that moment Bellerophon had but to speak and Pegasus would heed the words most meekly.

By and by, a great black cloud overspread the sky, and darkness fell upon the hills. The people hurried into their houses, shrieking in terror; for well they knew that the great dragon had come forth. "Now is my time," said Bellerophon, watching the great dragon writhing and twisting in the sky above.

"Now, good Pegasus, up! up!" he whispered, "and let us do our best to stay this foe of the people."

Pegasus reared his beautiful head and spread his wings. Up, straight towards the dread creature the good horse sped.

It was a terrible battle that followed. The dragon hissed and roared. It belched forth flames of fire and wound its terrible length about the struggling youth, who threw his spears and swung his sharp-edged sword.

All day long they fought; but with the going down of the sun the dragon failed in strength; only black smoke poured forth from his horrid jaws; and with one last, mighty roar, he fell crashing into the forest whence he had come out to lay waste the fields and to cruelly slay the people.

"And so the dragon was overcome, the people were rescued, and Bellerophon returned to the court of Iobates. And there in love and honor he dwelt for many a year among the grateful people for whom he had done so brave service.

THE GOLDEN FLEECE.

I.

The two little children of the king of Thessaly were playing in the broad sunny fields. They were not very happy children, for their mother had been sent away into a distant land, and little care had they now that she was gone.

The poor mother, fearing that her children would fare ill indeed with no one but their cruel father to look after them, prayed to the good Minerva to save them from their sad fate.

Minerva, always glad to lend her aid and to comfort the suffering, promised that she would find the children, and rescue them if she found them illy used.

It was on the morning of the great feast day that she found them; they were out in the sunny fields at play, but hungry and neglected.

"Poor children!" said Minerva; and instantly there appeared in the field close by a young sheep, upon whose back a golden fleece shone like the sunlight. It seemed a most playful sheep, for it ran towards the children, and leaped and frolicked with them as if inviting them to play.

"Let's climb upon its back, sister Helle," said the boy Phrixos. "Perhaps the sheep will carry us across the fields."

"Dear sheep!" said Helle, patting its wooly head; and then the children climbed upon its back, Phrixos in front and Helle clinging close to him behind.

Now this was just what the sheep — or Minerva, we should say, since it was she in

disguise — wanted the children to do; for away in a far country there was a good king to whom Minerva meant to take the children.

"On, on the sheep sped. It was great fun, the children thought; but by and by they reached a great body of water. It was like an ocean, so the children thought, and poor little Helle began to tremble with fear.

"Hold tight!" cried Phrixos; but Helle was so little and was so frightened she could not hold; and before the sheep had reached the opposite shore the child lay in the bottom of the sea, and many a sea nymph was bending over her in pity that so beautiful a child should have come to so sad an end.

Poor Phrixos, clinging with all his might to the shining wool, called upon the gods to save him from Helle's fate; and long before the sun had risen in the far-off east again, the

sheep had borne the lad safely even into the very palace of the good king.

"What have we here?" cried the king, amazed at the sudden appearance of his strange guests.

Poor little Phrixos, trembling with fright, burst into tears. "Don't cry, little boy," said the king kindly. "Come to me and tell me whence you came, poor child."

Then Phrixos told his wonderful story, and the kind king, moved to tears of pity, gathered the little fellow up in his arms and bade him think no more about the past, but to take up his home in the new kingdom into which he had been borne. "I have no son of my own, Phrixos," said the king, "and you shall dwell with me here in our golden palace; you shall be as my own son, and the people shall call you Prince. By and by you will

be a great man — king, perhaps, — and shall be famed throughout the land."

Little Phrixos was comforted by the good king's kind words, and could he but have had his little sister with him again, would have been very happy.

The golden fleece, the king ordered to be cut from the sheep and to be hung in a grand hall in the palace, where every one, in all the years to come, might see it and be reminded of the wonderful manner in which the little prince had been brought into the palace of the king.

JASON.

THE GOLDEN FLEECE.

II.

The golden fleece, so precious did it seem in the sight of the king, was guarded by a huge dragon that slept neither day nor night, so eager was it lest an opportunity for devouring a hero should be lost to it.

Now, there were kings in the country who envied the possessor of this golden fleece his good fortune, and every year some daring youth, desirous of fame, would attempt to overcome this dragon and carry away the

golden fleece. But alas for the youths! A hundred had already found themselves helpless before the terrible creature, and never one of them had ever returned to tell even the story of his adventure.

But the Fates had decreed that the fleece should be carried away, nevertheless; and at last a youth grew up, whose mission it was to overcome the dragon.

The youth's name was Jason; and when he came for the first time into the presence of King Pelias, the king turned pale and nearly fainted with terror.

"What is it?" asked Jason, innocently.

"One sandal! one sandal!" groaned the courtiers, looking down at his feet.

"Yes; I lost the other in crossing the river," said Jason.

"But there is a prophecy," said the

people, "that our king shall be dethroned by a one-sandalled man."

"Never mind," said Jason, laughing; "I have no wish to dethrone your king, and have not come for any such purpose. I am only a youth just from school, where I have been taught for years by the good Centaur Chiron. He has taught me to be brave, but he has not taught me to take from kings their kingdoms."

These were fair words, and the people easily accepted them. The king, however, was doubtful. "I will rid myself of this youth," he said to himself; "I shall be far safer."

So one day he called Jason into his presence and said to him, "You are a brave youth. No youth so brave has ever come into our country. Surely so brave a youth as you must long for adventure."

"I do," answered Jason.

"Have you heard of the golden fleece?" asked the king.

"I have," answered Jason. "Do you will that I go to seek it?"

"I do will so," was the king's brief reply. Jason caught the wicked gleam in the king's eye, but made no reply, only bowed low before the throne. For this was the manner, in those days, with which to receive and accept a royal command.

"You shall have my throne and my sceptre;" said the king most foolishly, hardly knowing what he said, in his wild delight that he was to be free from the dangerous youth; for he knew — or thought he knew — that no youth, however brave, could overcome this dreadful dragon, whose fiery breath, even when afar off, was like a scorching blast.

So Jason went out from the king; and calling many brave youths to join him, they built a wonderful vessel and named it the Argo.

Upon its prow was fastened a beautiful figure, carved from the branches of the Talking Oak, a magic tree whose prophecies were never known to fail. The figure still held in its carved beauty the power to speak, and many a goodly warning did it grant the brave youth, Jason.

At last the ship was finished; the carved image was in place, and at the oars and upon the decks sat the bravest company of youths that Greece could gather. Proud indeed was Jason of his company, and sure in his heart was he of success and glory.

It was a long voyage; but the time passed most happily, and in due time the

JASON SLAYING THE DRAGON.

vessel grated upon the shores of the kingdom the youths were seeking.

Fancy the surprise of the possessor of the golden fleece when, an hour later, there came into his presence a handsome, daring youth who said, "I have come, good king, for the golden fleece."

Records do not tell us what the king said. Perhaps he was so amazed he could say nothing; but we know that Jason succeeded in his undertaking, and in due time sped back to his ship, sprang on board, and, seizing an oar, whispered, "Hurry, hurry, good youths, hurry!"

It had been a terrible task and none but the bravest of youths would have had the courage to try. For first there had been the brazen bulls, which he must tame and make to draw the plow — terrible creatures

were they with their breath of belching fire. Then must he plant the plowed furrows with the teeth of the dragon, even as Cadmus had done so long ago. From these teeth armed soldiers had sprung up, whole armies of them, every one of which must be slain before the sun went down.

But in both tasks Jason had succeeded; and then, because she admired the valor of the youth, the daughter of the king had pitied the sad fate that must befall him should he approach the dragon-guarded fleece, and had come to his aid.

"Here," said she, "is a vial of magic liquid. Go bravely into the presence of the dragon; and when he opens his great jaws to devour you, throw this into his cavernous mouth. Even he cannot withstand its magic. He will at once roll over, lash his great tail,

and fill the air for miles around with his terrible roar."

Thus, then, did the youth succeed in his daring venture, and bear away the golden fleece.

"You promised me your kingdom," said Jason to old King Pelias, when he had appeared with the shining mass of wool. The old king scowled and clenched his sceptre in his hands. Never had he dreamed the youth would succeed; but here he stood, before the throne, claiming his reward.

"Yes, yes, you promised!" shouted the courtiers, who were proud of the brave youth and not overfond of the old king.

Then the king came down from his throne and placed his sceptre in the hands of Jason. "Useless, useless is it," said he, "to contend against the will of the Fates. What they decree, that thing shall be in spite of kings or people."

VOCABULARY.

Actæon (*ak-tē'on*). A hunter.
Æolus (*ē'ō-lus*). The god of the Winds.
Agenor (*a-jē'nôr*). A king of Phœnicia.
Anaxarete (*an-aks-ar'e-tē*). A maiden of Cyprus.
Andromeda (*an-drom'e-dä*). Rescued from a sea monster by Perseus.
Apollo (*a-pol'ō*). Son of Zeus and leader of the Muses.
Argos (*är'gos*). A city in Argolis, Greece.
Argus (*är'gus*). "The All-seeing."
Argo (*är'gō*). The ship of the Argonauts.
Arachne (*a-rak'né*). A Lydian Maiden.
Astræa or Astrea (*as-trē'ä*).
Athene or Athena (*a-thē'ne, or -nä*). Goddess of knowledge, arts, and sciences.
Atlas (*at las*). The supporter of the sky.
Bacchus (*bak'us*). The god of Wine.
Baucis (*bâ'sis*). A woman of Phrygia.
Bellerophon (*be-ler'ō-fon*). Slayer of the monster chimæra.
Cadmus (*kad'mus*). The reputed founder of Thebes.
Callisto (*ka-lis'tō*). An Arcadian huntress.
Cerberus (*ser'be-rus*). The watchdog at the entrance of the infernal regions.
Centaur Chiron (*sên'târ kī'ron*). The pupil of Apollo. Half man, half horse.
Ceyx (*sē'iks*). Son of the Morning Star.
Charybdis (*ka-rib'dis*). "Hole of Perdition," abyss.
Circe (*sir'sē*). An enchantress.
Cupid (*kū'pid*). God of Love.
Clytie (*klish'i-ē or ä*). A nymph.
Daphne (*daf'nē*). A nymph.
Demeter (*de-mē'tir*). Goddess of vegetation.
Deucalion (*dū-kā'li-on*).
Diana (*dī-an'ä*). Goddess of the Moon.
Dryope (*drī'ō-pē*). A shepherdess.
Echo (*ek'o*). A nymph.
Epimetheus (*ep-i-mē'thūs*). Brother of Pandora.
Europa (*ū-rō'pä*). "The land of the setting sun."
Faun (*fọn*) Half goat, half man.
Glaucus (*glâ'kus*). The steersman of the Argo.
Gorgons (*gôr'gonz*). Three sisters dwelling in the Western ocean—having snaky hair, and of terrific aspect.

Hades *(hā'dēz)*. The lower world.
Halcyone *(hāl sĭ-ŏn)*. Peaceful, happy.
Hamadryad *(hăm'a-drī'ăd)*. A tree nymph.
Helle *(hel'ē)*.
Hephæstus *(he-fes'tus)*. God of fire.
Hera or Here *(hē'rä, -rē* . Queen of Heaven.
Hermes *(her'mēz)*. Messenger of the gods.
Io *(ī'ō)*. Daughter of the king of Argos — changed by Thera into a white heifer.
Iris *(ī'ris)*. Female divinity.
Jason *(jā'son)*. Leader of the Argonauts.
Juno *(jö nō)*, Roman divinity, identified with the Greek Hera.
Jupiter *(jö'pi-ter)*. Roman divinity, identified with the Greek Zeus.
Mars *(märz)*. A Latin diety — God of War.
Medusa *(me'dö-sä)*. One of the Gorgons.
Mercury *(mer kū-ri)*. God of trade, science, arts, etc.
Minerva *(mi-ner'vä)*. One of the three chief divinities.
Melampus *(me-lăm'pus)*. A soothsayer.
Midas *(mī'das)*. King of Phrygia.
Narcissus *(när-sis'us)*. A beautiful youth changed into a flower.
Neptune *(nep'tūn)*. God of the Sea.
Oceanus *(ō-sē'a-nus)*. The ocean stream.
Olympus *(ō-lim'pus)*. A mountain on the borders of Macedonia and Thessaly.
Pactolus *(pak-tō'lus)*. In ancient geography, a small river of Lydia — Asia Minor.
Pan *(pan)*. God of pastures and flocks.
Pandora *(pan-dō'rä)*. All-gifted.
Parnassus, Mt. *(pär-nas'us)*. A mountain ridge in Greece.
Pegasus *(peg'a-sus)*. A spring.
Perseus *(per'sūs)*. A hero; son of Zeus.
Philemon *(fi-lē'mon)*. A Phrygian.
Pomona *(pō-mō'nä)*. Goddess of fruit trees.
Prometheus *(prō-mē'thūs)* Forethought.
Proserpine *(pros'er-pin)* Greek Persephone. Typical of the seasons.
Psyche *(sī'kē)*. Breath, spirit, life.
Pyrra — Pyrrha *(pir'ä)*. Wife of Deucalion.
Satyr *(sā'ter)*. A sylvan deity, half man and half goat.
Scylla *(sil'ä)*. A sea monster.
Silenus *(sī-lē nus)*. Leader of the satyrs.
Somnus *(som'nus)*. God of sleep.
Thebes *(Thēbz)*. A city of ancient Greece.
Thessaly *(Thas'a-le)*. A district of ancient Greece.
Theron *(Thē'ron)*. Tyrant of Agrigentum in Sicily.
Tigris *(Tī'gris)*. A river in Asiatic Turkey.
Venus *(vē'nus)*. Goddess of beauty.
Vertumnus *(ver-tum'nus)*. God of the seasons.
Zeus *(Zūs)*. Chief of the gods — all-powerful.